TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 30 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1892. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 238

Around Town.

One of the most tragic things I have seen in the public press for a long time was the duel between two officers of a French regiment stationed in a provincial town of that frothy and peppery republic. A bright and jolly lad whose courage had been proven in Algiers was unaccountably the butt of the rude jokes of his senior officer. He endured everything. One night his drunken superior called him a liar and slapped his face, but still the young fellow refused to fight on religious grounds. The officers of the regiment forced him either to fight or resign. He consented; the duel was over a handkerchief. Two pistols were given the antagonists, one loaded and the other unloaded, the superior officer having the first choice. The bully drew the empty pistol, aimed it at his antagonist, pulled the trigger and in disgust dropped it on the ground. Those who had forced the younger man into the duel expected him to fire his pistol in the air or throw it away. He did no such thing. Taking deliberate aim he blew out the brains of his antagonist, stooped down and wet his handkerchief in the blood, and smearing the face of his fallen foe enquired, "Have I wiped out the stain of the blow I received?" That night he resigned from the regiment and the despatch says that his conduct has made duelling a serious business in France. I confess to be one of those who like this sort of conduct whether the story be the relation of a fact or a romance of some imaginative newspaper correspondent. I do not like sham fighting over real insults. If people fight, let them fight; if they decide to fight with pen and ink or engage in wordy warfare, or if it be a question of fists and muscular strength so let it be. It is not so when the affair degenerates into a mere question of courage, but a man may well sacrifice his life either in killing or being killed by his antagonist rather than live like a dog kicked and cuffed by everybody. If this were never done the bully would still own the earth: the national bully would exact taxes from the christian and the coward. As a rule, and the example I have given is a good illustration, the Christian is not afraid. "Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just." Moreover, it is an exemplification of another good old adage, "Beware the fury of a patient man." A well known clergyman of the Catholic church has often told me that what I say on subjects of this sort is heterodox and dangerous, yet I still repeat my faith in these matters, that every liberty that we have has been won by the shedding of blood and to-day, as of yore, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

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The "removal" of the objectionable husband by the flirtatious wife has always excited vast public interest and considerable misgiving on the part of men who are not quite positive with regard to the affections of their better half. In Europe, poison is the favorite method; in Canada the shot gun or the revolver seems to lead the fashion. The hurrible murder by Mrs. Campbell near London some years ago lives in my memory as one of the most devilish things that a woman could conceive of and perpetrate. It was one of the too numerous instances of "too much hired man." In Kent county another dreadful thing of the sort engaged public attention for many months, executions resulting in both cases. With these and many other cases in mind, the trial of Mrs. Carruthers at Port Arthur or Rat Portage or some place up there, was watched with great interest and the allegation as usual was "another man." She was acquitted and there is no particular lesson in the circumstances or in the mortuary or legal result upon which social orthodoxy dare dwell. The whole affair merely revives the old question as to what is to become of people who are unhappily wedded. Conventionality has decided that they shall live a life of self-sacrifice and dreadful misery to which an existence in the most rigidly managed monastery or penitential convent can bear no comparison. Lacking the surroundings which bring peace and penitence, lacking the chiming of the convent bell, the prayers in the chapel, the seclusion from all secular interference, lacking the quiet hopelessness which steals upon those who have buried themselves and wait only for the other death, those who have no happiness in their home life but who sit and gaze in hatefulness at one another are subject to all the temptations which the devil himself can invent. I can appreciate the motives and the wisdom of those who initiated the cloister. They belonged to a time when assassination was more common than street brawls or even trivial drinking disputes are now. Religion taught them the lesson that the companionship in which they found themselves would lead to devilish acts, and in flight from the temptation they found refuge only in those houses dedicated to God, which may in some instances have developed other temptations but which to unnumbered thousands were the city of refuge, the place where they could not be overtaken by the avenger, by the tempter, by the lover who had no right to hope for the gratification of his passion, by the wife who hated the one to whom she was tied and dare not dwell in the presence of the one she loved. That these places of refuge did not cure the malady all history proves. Catholicism, to which the honor of founding such refuges belongs, forbade divorces and the adherents of this time-honored church were not all prepared to make sacrifices for virtue's sake, just as the adherents of more modern churches are not now prepared to give up all for God. No matter how we may talk about divorces and the destruction of the sanctity of marriage, it remains a fact that assassination as a cure for domestic infelicity, that convents and monasteries as refuges from the hopeless anguish of mismated lives, have been succeeded by a reasonable peace, by nearly all that can be expected in this jangling world, and this state of affairs has been brought about by the possibility of people hateful to each other separating without destroying forever the hope of loving companionship. Nothing is so productive of devilishness as desperation, and those who make the laws should remember this. Poor Carruthers, it was decided, shot himself. It is immaterial to this argument whether he did it or whether his wife did it; in either case it cannot be doubted that desperation caused the deed. There is no desperation so desperately desperate as that of the man who loves and thinks he possesses and beholds his possession in the arms of another. And what can the whole world do about it, or what right have we to say that a man who is such an obstruction to the happiness of others and who undergoes such a daily crucifixion of himself, has no right to relieve the world of either himself or somebody else? This is not good doctrine but it is just as human as it can be, and doctrines after all have to adapt themselves to humanity. It is a phase of life that only those of us who are happy can afford to ignore; it is a phase of life that those who may become unhappy by disregarding their opportunities for happiness should not be permitted to forget.

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Sir Oliver has been explaining to his constituents that his loyalty to the crown forced him to accept the title which to himself was quite objectionable. I am afraid that Sir Oliver's loyalty is something like his religion, a part of his political assets. He wears a big patch on one knee on which is printed in bold characters, "The Christian Politician." This patch is symbolical of his frequent devotions and innumerable prayers in his church and closet, mostly in the church. The other patch located on the left knee of his trowsers has been labeled, "The Loyal Politician." It is supposed to cover the spot some time ago baggy but quite recently worn threadbare in kneeling to the powers that be, the Queen somewhat, the title considerably. I would respectfully suggest that another patch be added to those conspicuous trowsers worn by our excellent Premier, that it be sewed over the locality worn threadbare by a long sitting in office, and that upon it be writ in equally bold and pleasing characters, "The Sly Politician." I think this decoration has been well earned and I beg to move that he be known as Baron License Commissioner, as Earl Office Peddler, as Lord My Son the Sheriff, and Duke Devotion to Myself. As he favors titles let us please the good old man by giving him enough. Why not style him the Marquis of Oxford, the Count of Woodstock, the Landgrave of Hesse Smith's Corners, the Prince Imperial of Ingersoll, etc. Yet after all, the people of this country know him now and will always know him as the sly, sagacious and sleek man who in a political sense knows how to keep tavern.

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At last the tripartite agreement has been concluded. Let us give thanks! It will take about six months to build the Union Station and arrange the tracks and other essentials in which the railways are interested, but it has taken over six years to get the corporations together. The indirect methods of the railways apparently have always been met by the indirect and uncertain methods of the Mayor and City Council. Nobody in civic authority has ever apparently dared to go right straight to the point and to figuratively blacken eyes and break noses until the thing was obtained. Until we have a chief magistrate who has nerve enough to defy the City Solicitor and the statutes and everything else when he is fortified by an absolute knowledge that he is right, we will be the football of every tricky trader who comes to town. A business man does not make his money by consulting his lawyer every time he makes a deal, and a corporation cannot afford to have an Osgoode Hall graduate at every desk in the City Hall—not that they would be more expensive than any other class of clerks as to salary, but because when legal technicalities and the possibilities of an action-at-law in this or that direction begin to be factors in a decision, a decision immediately becomes impossible. The most trivial act can be magnified into a dreadful campaign by the weak and wavering citizen or the panicky general who wants to conjure up difficulties. A man lying in bed can begin to wonder whether he has locked his office door or not, and in fifteen minutes convince himself that not only is the door unlocked but every window in the building is left wide open. In five minutes more he can see burglars ransacking his cash drawer and a cartage company removing his safe. By properly applying himself, in another ten minutes he can see himself in jail for debt and without consuming a half an hour from the time of beginning his vain imaginings, can see his wife and family in the poorhouse and himself an inmate of a lunatic asylum. This is the way our City Hall is being and has been run. In a real estate deal or in making Don improvements they never think of consulting a solicitor as to title and damages and so on, but when the question of buying fifteen cents' worth of postage stamps comes up the Executive of the Board of Works and the City Solicitor and the Mayor and the whole grist of them get together and find out whether it is legal to buy postage stamps, or if some statute made in the reign of King Billy Bell I. may not be construed so that such an act would be *ultra vires* or *bilious lex*, or something of that sort.

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The failure to appoint a city engineer has been the funny outcome of this morbid and colicky condition of municipal government. Nobody knows what or whom they want; the Mayor and City Council do not conceive it to be within their duty to want anything, but to simply sit there as judges and fight everybody or favor anybody who happens to come along. In fact, there is no established policy. The Mayor is unacquainted with that class of men who know a good engineer from a bad one; the aldermen as a rule have in their repertoire of engineers the names of a few gentlemen who have superintended sewers and constructed back staircases, and on this question are entirely at sea. They don't want anybody particularly; they are in favor of anybody who has friends in their ward but would be quite willing to favor a good man if they or any of their friends knew one. Unfortunately they are in a line of business which breeds an acquaintance with the drivers of peddling wagons more than it does with men who know the world and how these things should be done. When the Mayor wants to be particularly smart he looks wise and manages to prevent everybody else from doing anything while he is engaged in the fruitless task of trying to think of something.

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The First of July demonstration petered out after a great many citizens had made a laborious effort to have Toronto as attractive a place as half a dozen little towns have arranged to make themselves on our twenty-fifth anniversary. Of course the Council was ready to vote money galore but they had the usual string tied to it, and when the committee reached out for the money the string jerked it away, and this trick was played until the committee got tired and retired from the effort simply because if the Council at that date even gave them the money it would be impossible to utilize it, the time being too short. It would be improper to refer to the *Telegram* as the Mayor's organ; it would be perhaps better to refer to the Mayor as the *Telegram's* organ. It says of some of those connected with the celebration, "They do not know enough to run a wheelbarrow on a plank walk." At any rate they knew enough to refuse to cool their heels in the ante-room of the Council Chamber more than fifteen times while trying to find out if the Mayor and the City Solicitor and the City Council combined could or could not give anything, or what they could give. In a wild burst of enthusiasm the organ or the owner or whatever it is, of the Mayor, announces "that we will have a celebration, that it will be a parade and concert of the school children." This in itself will no doubt be excellent but I think it will strike all the citizens as a rather weak celebration. However, a children's parade is exactly our City Council's size. They are not big enough for a grown up demonstration either on the First of July or any of the other three hundred and sixty-five days which belong to this year. The baby act is their peculiar performance. The wooden gun and the chorus are better adapted to their ideas than the march of three or four thousand men, when the tramping of feet and the virility of massed manhood suggest movement and progress and strength and those very things in which we as a city are lacking. Many of the aldermen were not a party to this funny act of the punched dollar and the string tied to it. They were ashamed to see this coin on the floor and citizens who were working for the city and had a patriotic impulse, on their hands and knees trying to catch it. Such a performance may amuse children but you cannot get men to play at it very long.

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So the Hon. Edward Blake has been invited to occupy an Irish seat in the British Parliament! As one reads this interesting item and wades through the columns of interviews with the far-famed "prominent citizen" whose Irish extraction permits him to engage in the task of governing Ireland, "the thought comes to us o'er and o'er" have we here in Canada—a country that so greatly needs a great statesman—the jewel of priceless worth which according to poetry "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:" the unrecognized genius of leadership? Is our once-time great Edward a disregarded genius, a prophet who hath honor save in his own country? Would those impracticable and vacillating tendencies which made him a failure here make him a success in Ireland? If so, what must we think of Ireland? Are not those characteristics which make a man successful in one country the same that make other men successful in other countries? Must not the man who is successful be courageous and steadfast as well as intellectual? Can the man who succeeded Alexander Mackenzie and made shipwreck of a stranded party succeed where Parnell failed? Is Edward Blake a man to take up and wear the mantle of the great Irish leader who had no nerves, whose icy surface never revealed a tremor of weakness, whose courage made him disregard conventionalities, religions, races and party feuds? Can the man who made the Aurora speech, and shuffled and changed feet and backed up and backed down and toyed with his principles at Malvern, lead the brigade that Parnell led? Certainly not if the elements of success are the same in both countries. Parnell possessed less intellectuality than Edward Blake but Edward Blake was not a leader and never will be. As a lieutenant of Gladstone he might succeed. The strange mixture of sensitive modesty and inordinate pride which made him a failure here might under Gladstone's direction, make him a success there. His knowledge of local self-government, of federated power would be a tower of strength to Gladstone. As a compromise leader, and with what is really an attractive and gentle personality if one could ever get at it, he might unite the Irish forces. His re-discovery of himself, his separation from his brief-book might develop him into a wonderful force, yet it is quite possible that he might be nothing more than Mr. Blake. One thing is certain, that Canada is proud of Mr. Blake's intellectual power and it would be intensely, almost unspeakably proud of him were he to succeed as an Irish leader. The fact that he is a Canadian by birth though an Irishman by descent would be enough to make this, our clannish people, enthusiastic in their worship of a man who could catch the eye and ear of the old country. No one but the Hon. Edward Blake knows whether the experiment would be a success and I am quite doubtful if he is quite

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Renominated by the Republican Party for the United States Presidency.

sure himself. It could not hurt him to try the experiment, for he is thoroughly estranged from the Liberal party in this country. If he is being wasted upon us Canadians it would teach us a good lesson were he to find proper appreciation when pitted against greater minds than assemble in our Parliament. For my own part, I believe that Edward Blake possesses as great a mind, as great rhetorical power and as pure a purpose as any man in the Empire. That he would obtain recognition in the old land that he has failed to obtain here I have not the slightest doubt. That his imposing figure and grand head and those deep eyes would command respect anywhere in the world I feel certain. That he is a leader of men I do not believe, yet I would share the pride, as I share the clannishness, of a small and sentimentally isolated and much belittled nation, if one of the sons of this Canada of ours became a dominant or even a prominent figure in the British Parliament.

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Blaine was a great man, yet it has only taken two weeks to put him in the past tense. The enthusiasm of his followers has been something wonderful. His popularity seemed to be like that of General Boulanger, of a moneyed and windy sort, for at no crisis in his long and great career has he ever been successful as anything but a provincial politician or as a secretary. It does not follow that the republic does not love him or at least admire him, for he is to-day, as one of the orators at the convention said, "the great unrewarded leader of the Republican party." He has done much for the United States and still more for his party. He has been too prominent and too pronounced to be a good candidate and the tendency to compromise on a man who has little that is objectionable in him, made Harrison the nominee. Blaine, too, made a false move in resigning his portfolio. I do not know much about American politics, but when I read the announcement of his resignation while staying in a New York hotel and was surrounded by half a dozen politicians, I felt that he had made a bid for the nomination which would weaken him. My companions all felt that it was a grand move, yet those of us who have to write for the public and consequently learn a little something of the sensitiveness of the people, know that it is very easy to destroy in a moment that which it has taken years to build up. Mr. Blaine has written too many letters. He is another example of the awful fate of the letter writer. The letter writer is the impulsive man; the successful politician is the cold and clammy fellow who waits his opportunity, that is to say in slang phrase, who says nothing but saws wood.

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It is a very great question in my mind whether Cleveland will be nominated by the Democrats when they meet in Chicago. There is no doubt that he is the favorite of the rank and file of the party, but he is hated by the office seeker and his fight with Senator Hill of New York makes it obvious that he cannot carry his own state. Under such circumstances the Democrats may be wise to nominate someone else if they have any "someone else" who is fit for the position. There never yet was a time when a party had but one man. The great trouble is that they have many men and only appreciate one. If the fight should be between Harrison and Cleveland it will be one of the most clean-cut contests ever seen in the United States. Both have been president and on neither administration can any dirt be thrown. It will be a fight of principles, not very well defined perhaps, yet it would show the sentiment of the republic and explain to the nations of the world what the people of the United States really want. I should like to see such a fight. I would sympathize with Cleveland. I imagine the English-speaking and English-thinking people everywhere would, but as a rule the man who runs well outside the United States runs very poorly at home.

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The Methodist brethren in conference assembled have shown themselves to be good prohibitionists in theory, though Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick has no reason to congratulate himself upon having been selected as the test of their principles. One enthusiastic brother proposed to congratulate him on his accession to power, but the Conference manifested an extraordinary desire to smell his breath before endorsing him. They were afraid that he was not a prohibitionist and could not congratulate the appointee of the Dominion Government whose nomination was received with unanimous approval by the press of this province and of the whole Dominion. I am free to say that I am not in favor of this breath-smelling committee whether it be Methodist or otherwise. If a man who knows the world and has held a public position as long as Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick sees fit to take a glass of wine or offer it to his friends, I conceive it to be none of the Conference's business. Our Methodist brethren must recognize the fact that there are at least two opinions in this country and while there is probably the wisest and best thought out of the two, it is not unanimous. If we must examine what a man eats and drinks before we loyally accept him as our chief executive in this province, a vista of very disagreeable investigations opens itself at once.

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The Uganda difficulty between the Protestant and Roman Catholic blacks is a very strong confirmation of the protest I made some weeks ago against sectarian missions. The colored people of that out-of-the-way and uninteresting country have apparently been converted from paganism to civilized and sectarian doctrines and have proceeded to massacre one another on religious grounds ever since. The Catholic section of the Uganda community feel impelled to put an end to Protestantism, and the Protestant has resisted and retaliated and massacred in the old-fashioned way until the spectacle is presented to the whole world of pagans professing doctrines which they neither understand nor propose to live up to, killing one another in a thoroughly orthodox and doctrinal manner. Yet here in the Dominion of Canada we are dividing up public money to teach Indians these opposite views in the hope, no doubt, that they will exterminate themselves on doctrinal grounds.

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The contributions to the Children's Fresh Air Fund are as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$62 75
A Friend	5 00
M. F. B.	70 00
Total	$137 75

DON.

Social and Personal.

At a few minutes to two o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week the doors of St. George's church were opened to admit the invited guests and a crowd of spectators to witness the marriage of Miss Emma Biggar, daughter of the late Mr. James Lyons Biggar of Belleville, and Mr. George Francis Burton, son of Mr. Justice Burton. The church was beautifully decorated, the chancel being filled with palms and evergreens, while above the altar were white roses and lilies. The church was filled with the perfume of bunches of white lilacs, which were fastened to the pews reserved for the guests. Among those present in the church were: Sir Oliver Mowat, K. C. M. G., and Miss Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, the Misses Wilson, Mr. A. G. and Miss Ramsay of Hamilton, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. George Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Burton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar of Belleville, Mr. George R. and Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Green, Mr. and Mrs. George Hope of Belleville, Mr. W. H. Biggar, M. P. P., and Miss Biggar, Mr. I. H. McPherson of Hamilton, Miss Ballard of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Bell of Belleville, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Burton, Miss Burton, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Maclennan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, the Misses Ferguson, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, Rev. Canon Cayley, Mrs. and the Misses Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mrs. John Cawthra, the Misses Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Eddie Cronyn, Mr. Fred Macdonald of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Roseburgh of Hamilton, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mrs. S. H. Blake, Miss Blake, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Moss, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mr. J. H. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jarvis, Mr. Ed. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Mr. Henry Beck, Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, Mrs. Nixon, Mr. F. A. Drake, Miss Richards, the Misses Campbell, the Misses McLean, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Mickle, Mr. E. R. and Miss Greig, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Vere C. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bethune, Mr. J. McGregor Young, Mr. H. M. Mowat, Mr. Frank and Miss Darling, Mr. W. A. H. Kerr and Mr. J. B. Pattullo. The bride was given away by Mr. C. R. W. Biggar and the groom was supported by Mr. Hugh H. Langton. The ushers were Messrs. George and Harry Biggar, brothers of the bride, and Mr. Percy Hodgins. The Rev. Canon Cayley, Rector of St. George's, performed the ceremony. The bride was attired in a beautiful dress of white satin trimmed with orange blossoms. Miss May Biggar, sister of the bride, Miss Isabelle Biggar, her niece, the Misses Mollie and Nora Casey and Miss Gladys Burton were the bridesmaids and looked exceedingly pretty in dresses of white *crepon* with sashes of china silk. A reception was held at the residence of Mr. C. R. W. Biggar of Simcoe street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Burton left the house amid a shower of roses. They will travel for a month in the Adirondacks and will then return and make their home in the city.

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A pretty Jewish wedding took place at Webb's at 7.30 on Wednesday night, when Miss Rosa Stern and Mr. Maxwell Goldstein of Montreal were married. The bridal procession was particularly pretty, being led by Miss Florrie and Master Willie Saunders carrying flowers. The bride, who is an extremely beautiful young lady, was attired in a handsome cream white satin dress embroidered with pearls. The bridesmaids were Miss Madeline Stern, Miss Addie Stern and Miss Goldstein. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Elzas, after which the guests adjourned to an excellent supper. Dancing was kept up for some hours. More than a hundred guests were present, some being from Montreal and Chicago. The happy couple left for a trip to Detroit and Cleveland and will return to Toronto for some weeks before going to Montreal.

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The official reception at Government House is postponed from Wednesday, June 15, until Wednesday, June 22. The hours for receiving are from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

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Lady Macpherson is to give a garden party on June 28, from 4.30 to 7 p.m. Every entertainment at beautiful Chestnut Park is looked forward to eagerly.

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Among those who have gone to Lorne Park for the summer months are: Mr. J. Short McMaster and family, Mr. C. Brush and family, Mr. A. R. Clarke and family, Mr. Paul Campbell and family.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilkie have returned from a ten months' visit to Europe, and have taken up their residence at No. 80 D'Arcy street.

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Miss Annie Begg of New York is visiting Mrs. G. R. Baker, 30 Rose avenue.

*

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford and family sailed by the Germania on the 15th from New York for Europe. Mrs. Botsford and the children will spend the summer months at Brighton, and in September, on Mr. Botsford's return to Canada, will proceed to Germany, where they will remain for an indefinite time.

*

Mrs. E. B. Perry of Griggsville, Ill., and Miss Alice C. Hill of St. Louis, Mo., are at present on a visit to their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Gooch, 20 Bloor street east.

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Miss Lotta Noxon of Bathurst street is having an enjoyable visit to Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Mr. Francis E. Donaldson of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Miss Rose Barker, who spent last season in Toronto, were united in marriage on Wednesday, June 8, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. C. W. Homer, rector of the Reformed Episcopal Church. The bride was beautifully attired in pearl silk, while the bridesmaid, Miss Lotta Noxon of Toronto, was gowned in light silk bengaline. The groom was supported by Mr. John Perry of Brooklyn. Mrs. Donaldson received many very handsome presents. The happy couple left for an extended tour through a number of the American cities. Mrs. Donaldson's Toronto friends wish her much joy and prosperity.

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The Misses Street, daughters of Mr. Justice Street, are traveling in Europe and will shortly sail for home from Boulogne.

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Miss Armour of Cobourg is staying with Miss Castle.

*

Mrs. W. B. and Master Jack McMurrich left on Tuesday morning for their summer residence, Harmony Hall, Muskoka. The rest of the family will follow in a week.

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Mrs. Harold Jarvis, who has been visiting her father, Dr. Geikie, for the past month, has returned to Detroit.

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The Misses Lockhart of College street have again taken a house for the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson of Edmonton, N. W. T., sailed from Liverpool by the Parisian on June 8.

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Dr. and Mrs. Graham and family sailed on June 9 for an extended tour on the Continent.

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Mr. George S. Michie returned to the city on Friday of last week looking bronzed and well after his winter in Southern Europe.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr sailed on Saturday of last week for Europe.

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A most enjoyable *musicale soiree* was given by Miss Veals last Monday evening. The reception rooms were crowded with guests who listened with appreciation to the young ladies' excellent rendering of the numbers on the programme. The young ladies looked pretty and cool in their white dresses. Refreshments suitable to the warm evening were served at the end of the programme. Among those present were: Rev. Canon, Mrs. and Miss Du-Moulin, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss McInnes of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Gibb Wishart, Mr. and Miss Gunther, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. Riordan.

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Dr. Senkler of St. Catharines and Mr. Gordon Mackay sailed from Montreal on June 11 for a trip in Europe, Mr. Gordon Mackay having received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University commencement on Friday.

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On Friday of last week many of the little inmates of the Hospital for Sick Children removed to their summer quarters at the Lakeside Home, inseparably and gratefully associated with the name of Mr. J. Ross Robertson. Carefully wrapped up they were carried downstairs by the nurses, where they waited their turn to be taken in the ambulances to the wharf, the only sad thing that mingled with the happy singing of the travelers being the forlorn sighing of the few left behind too sick to be moved.

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Mr. A. T. Crombie accompanied by his sister-in-law, Miss Cobban, sailed on the Sardinian for a trip through England and Scotland.

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Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. T. C. Elwood, who have been wintering at the Rossin, have gone to their summer residence at Worthington Point, Lake Rosseau. The new cottage is a very pretty one and numerous guests are invited for the summer.

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Mrs. Bendelari and family are to spend the summer months at Worthington Point, Muskoka. They left town on Wednesday last.

*

Following is the list of invitations issued by the mayor and corporation of the town of Penetanguishene for an outing on Saturday, June 11, among the islands of the Georgian Bay, and by the Penetanguishene Hotel Company for a fishing and social party at that well known summer resort: His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. John Dryden, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Hon. Mr. Bronson, Messrs. J. E. Thompson, Spanish Consul; A. M. Gianelli, Italian Consul; C. W. R. B'gg'gar, J. Stephenson, John Earls, Arthur White, M. C. Dickson, Richard Tinning, P. J. Slatter, W. H. Hewson, W. J. Douglas, Launcelot Bolster, W. R. Henderson, C. W. Richardson, C. W. Taylor, G. E. McMurrich, E. W. Schuch, R. W. Tomlinson, V. R. Wadsworth, Henry C. Michell, Geo. Kapelle, R. L. Patterson, J. S. McMurray, L. C. Laishley of Barrie, Edwin S. Meeking, R. H. Morton of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lud. H. Cameron, G. A. Cline of Montreal, T. C. Irving, J. F. Snetsinger, John A. Ewan, Wm. Badenach, T. S. Chamberlain, Geo. E. Briston, C. J. Campbell and R. S. Spence of Buffalo. The party left Toronto by special pullman at 8 30 on Saturday morning, arriving at Penetang about noon, though a half a dozen preceded the larger company on Friday night and spent Saturday in fishing. The chief incident of the Saturday excursion was the extraordinary conduct of a prominent daily newspaper man who took all the fish out of a net which he discovered amongst the islands, came back to the tug with a blister on his nose and pretended that he had caught them with an eight-ounce rod. On Sunday, sad to say, the episode was the shooting of an eagle by Dick Morton of Montreal and New York. It was a beautiful shot—right through the head. Mayor Beck of Penetanguishene, Mr. McMurray, proprietor of the Penetanguishene Hotel, and Mr. Barnett, the caterer, together with P. J. Slatter of the Grand Trunk Railway and Mr. Dickson, district passenger agent, were voted by the company jolly good fellows before they left for home on Monday morning. Details are unnecessary with regard to all fishing and hotel-opening excursions, but it may be said that everyone enjoyed himself, and not a few of the visitors engaged apartments for the season, for there is not a lovelier spot in Canada.

*

A pretty wedding occurred in the Sherbourne street Methodist church on Thursday afternoon, the contracting parties being Miss Christina Spink of Ontario street and Wesley Richardson, L.D.S., of Vancouver, but formerly of Toronto. Rev. Dr. Dewart officiated.

*

The Pavilion was well filled last Friday afternoon with an interested throng of people to see the various exercises of the University Commencement. Through the open doors of the conservatory one could see the faculty, members of Senate and invited dignitaries moving about among the palms in their bright-colored hoods, and when they came slowly in, headed by Mr. McKim bearing the mace with grave dignity, they made a very imposing procession indeed. The band of the Queen's Own in the gallery was playing college airs with such enthusiasm that even Mr. McKim, signaling with the mace from the platform, could not stop them, though I am sure I would stop anything if Mr. McKim shook the mace at me. The singing of the college songs was not so successful in regard to volume as usual, the students in the gallery and those below often failing to connect. The usual witty remarks were thrown at the various bodies of students as they approached for their degrees. Miss Lawlor, the only lady M. A., looked remarkably well as she left the platform with her bright pink hood. Eight young ladies graduated, five of whom belong to the city. Miss Lawlor also is a Torontonian. Mr. Blake carried some of Dr. Hoskin's exquisite orchids as gracefully as any lady. Among those present were: Mrs. Blake, Miss Wilson, Miss Helen Wilson, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. G. W. Ross and Miss Leila Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge and Mrs. McCurdy.

*

The many friends of Colonel Robinson, nephew of the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, will be glad to hear of the honor conferred upon him by his appointment to the command of the British troops in Mauritius.

*

Dr. Third, of the retiring Hospital staff of house surgeons, is recovering from a severe illness.

*

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parsons returned the end of this week from Clifton Springs.

*

On Thursday afternoon of this week Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave another of her successful yachting parties on the Oriole in honor of the Misses Hall, guests of Mrs. Alexander Manning. The bright June day left nothing to be desired in the way of weather. A number of fashionable people were present and everyone had a most enjoyable time.

*

Miss Elsie Armour and Mr. Gus Bolte are to be married on Wednesday, June 22, at four o'clock in the afternoon in St. Luke's church of Cobourg.

*

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson and family of Glen road left for their summer residence, Kew Beach, this week.

*

Ald. Saunders and family left for Muskoka on Thursday.

*

Rev. Dr. Briggs sailed from Montreal by the Oregon on Wednesday last for a six weeks' holiday.

*

The Bishop of Toronto gave a reception to the members of the Anglican Synod at four on Wednesday afternoon in St. Alban's grounds.

*

Miss Cawthra's many friends will be sorry to hear that while at Niagara during camp she was thrown from her horse and sustained a fracture of the shoulder.

*

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg are at present visiting Clifton Springs, N. Y.

*

Rev. R. Green of Orillia is in town attending the Synod.

*

Miss Wilson gave a delightful At Home recently for Archdeacon Phair of Winnipeg.

*

Miss Laura MacGillivray, the charming young directress of the Conservatory Delsarte an School, left on Wednesday for her home

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will hold a Reception at Government House on Wednesday, the 22nd of June, between the hours of four and half-past six o'clock.

Those desirous of being presented will please provide themselves with cards, to be handed to the Secretary, on which their names and addresses should appear clearly, as the Visitors' Book will not be used on this occasion.

By command,
FRED'K C. LAW,
Comd'r R. N.,
Official Secretary.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

4-Button Swede

$1, $1.25, $1.50

Beaver, Tan, White Pearl

Special novelties for the Races in Swede, Mosquitair Swede Finish Thread and Silk Gloves.
Our popular Cuff Gloves 75c., in all the newest shades.
Children's Mosquitaire and Button Gloves and Ladies and Gents' Gloves for riding and driving in the new Mastic and Tan shades.
MILLINERY—We are showing some very elegant styles for Race week, both in Hats and Bonnets.
Tailor-made Costumes, Visiting Gowns. Special attention given to Trousseaux.

WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King Street East
TELEPHONE 888 TORONTO

JUNE WEDDINGS

Have you a friend who is going to be married, and are you in a quandary as to what will make a suitable wedding gift? Send us your name and address and we will mail you our book called, "Suggestions for Presents"—it will help you out. Or what is better, take a walk through our Show and Art Rooms, where the goods are all marked in plain figures.

We have a great many new, novel and appropriate gift things.

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U. S. AND BELGIAN ROYAL MAIL
New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.
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Successor to Isaac Newman & Fraser

Handsome Bronze and Iron
LAWN VASES
RICE LEWIS & SON
King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

100 Ways for Cooking Eggs
By A. FILIPPINI (25 years with Delmonico). In cloth binding, ink and gold stamps, 50 cents. (This is the first number of the "Handy Volume Culinary Series.")
100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish
By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with "100 Eggs.") 50 cents.
JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Echoes from Fashion's World.

WHITE really seems to predominate in the shades of correct parasols; though of course all shades which can be used in harmony with the prevailing costumes are shown, and whatever one's fancy may be, it need not go unsatisfied. But the varieties in white cover a very large field of usefulness. Among the simplest are those of sheer white muslin with a puff around the edge, at the top, and around the handle, which is of natural light-colored wood. One can also find among the comparatively inexpensive parasols plain and brocaded white silk with dainty ruffles of lace. Then come marvelous creations in the greatest variety of delicate and beautiful materials—*chiffon*, covered with puffs and ruffles of the same material or ruffles of lace of the most delicate patterns; bolting silk, painted and lace-trimmed; and, finally, the most expensive lace alone covers the frame with flounce upon flounce, inside and outside. Though the white parasols seem conspicuous, when one turns to the colors there is found no lack of variety and beauty. The most novel effects, indeed, are among the colors, and for every use to which a parasol may be put something may be found among them. One novelty is the melon-shaped parasol.

•

Parasol handles have grown more elaborate each year for the past few years, and this season shows still further increase of novelties and varieties. Among them are imported handles of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold and silver, of *cloisonne*, and of porcelain and carved ivory. The Dresden china handles are still much used and are seen on some of the most expensive parasols. The flower handle is also one of the novelties. These are made of wood and adorned with enameled violets, cherries, strawberries and the corn-flower. Natural wood still remains in popular favor with people of quiet tastes who do not wish to follow every passing fashion, and they are none the less fashionable on that account. Crab-apple and cherry are the woods most in use, and these are plain, twisted, or carved, according to the fancy.

•

A quartette dinner, at which small tables are used seating four guests each, is a highly enjoyable affair, provided the hostess exercise tact in selecting the members of each quartette. At a recent occasion of this kind there were four round tables: a yellow table, decorated with daffodils; a pink table, with pink tulips; a red table, with red tulips; and a white table, with lilies of the valley. At each table the ribbons matched the color of the flowers, and all the china was white and gold.

•

Bridal toilettes are made with trains, high bodies and long sleeves. The front of the waist may be cut or turned away and filled in with lace, tulle, *chiffon*, *crepe lisse*, or any diaphanous fabric. The tulle veil is fastened to the hair either with flowers or some jewel presented by the groom. For very young and girlish brides, dresses of *chiffon*, China *crepe*, and similar fabrics are used. Pretty and inexpensive dresses are made of veiling, cashmere, or Chuddah cloth, the latter being especially desirable on account of its width and exquisite draping qualities. A dress of white wool material trimmed with white passementerie and lace is stylish and generally becoming. The fancy for very thin fabrics also permits the use of fine mull or gauze, which may be made either in a simple or elaborate style, according to the taste of the wearer. In the fashion for making wedding dresses considerable latitude is allowed. A white satin dress has a corselet of lace with shoulder puffs of the same. The princess dress is preferred, it being simple and giving opportunity for handsomer effects in draping and arranging garnitures. Crystal and pearl embroidery are much used for corselet, belt, collar, shoulder ornaments and cuffs. Some handsome dresses have panels of embroidery or lace, and others have princess sides and back of plain material, with fronts of fine plaited *chiffon* or tulle. Heavy lace in quaint old-fashioned patterns is set on flat on the sides of the front, around the neck and shoulders, and forms a belt, the points or scallops extending upward. For simple toilettes any quantity of ribbon is used, and rather fewer flowers than heretofore.

•

For even small girls the Russian blouse idea is as popular as for ladies. This dress has a skirt made of plain breadths, and the blouse has fullness in the back, in both the waist and skirt. It is prettily made in summer silks, light woolens and washable goods and requires only simple trimming. A sash can be substituted for the belt and will be more dressy.

•

An engagement ring is no longer the special prerogative of the sex feminine, but the accepted suitor must also wear the token that silently yet effectively proclaims the fact that he has become, as it were, private property. Of course when the lover presents to his *fiancee* the gem-set circlet which marks her for his own, opportunity is afforded for artfully learning the preferences of the young man in this particular line of jewelry, and as soon thereafter as may be he is the surprised (?) recipient of a love of a ring, perfectly suiting his ideas of what a gentleman's ring ought to be, which is convincing evidence of their oneness of taste—in matters artistic at least. The favorite engagement ring at present for a lady has overlapping ends, each set with a gem, a diamond with either a ruby, sapphire, moonstone, or pearl; and for a gentleman, a band of gold with two or three gems, a diamond with a ruby or sapphire, or all three, set very deep. Another popular style of a ring for a gentleman is a chain of platinum and gold with a true-lovers' knot on top. Engraved inside of each ring are the initials of both parties and the date of betrothal.

•

The bride's wedding gift to the groom is becoming a unique feature of the modern fashionable wedding, and the knowledge of what it will be is kept an inviolable secret from him until the wedding day. One of the loveliest of the season's brides, a slender, graceful blonde, had a life-size, three quarter length portrait painted of herself in a simple gown her lover had often admired; and instead of having a massive square frame of gilt, it was surrounded by an artistic one, oval in shape, of white enameled wood carved in floral design through which meandered a ribbon of gold which terminated at the top in a double true-lovers' knot. The gift was a genuine surprise to the recipient, who saw it for the first time when it was displayed with the wedding gifts to the bride.

•

"A feast beautiful tied up with a bow" is a recent apt description of a fashionable ladies' luncheon. Bows of ribbon have played an important part in the decorations of recent entertainments of this class, as favors for the guests, for decorations among the flowers, and as accessories to everything served that is tieable—bread sticks, asparagus, grapes, ices, etc. At a violet luncheon, a half-wreath of violets tied with a bow of violet satin ribbon framed the plate of each guest; the dainty china *bonbonnieres*, that served for favors, were tied with violet ribbon bearing the hostess's and guest's initials, and on top of each rested a bunch of purple pansies; and in the center of the table was a mound of pansies surrounded by a wreath of violets tied at intervals with bows, each connected by a ribbon band with the bow on the wreath at each place. The napery and china were white, and all the other appointments silver and cut glass. The first course was a bunch of grapes with a violet ribbon bow tied on the stem.

LA MODE.

Man and Beast.

A kind-hearted woman in the western part of the city had her sympathies appealed to a few days ago by the spectacle of a thin, attenuated horse attached to an ash cart which stopped before her door.

"It's a shame," she said indignantly to the man who had the horse and cart in charge, "to drive such a poor, thin, half-starved beast. You ought to be punished for it."

The man approached the good woman and extended his hand.

"Fale me arrum and me ribs, ma'am, and you'll see for yourself I'm as thin as the horse," he said.

The equine sympathizer saw that he was speaking the truth, and she at once set a more substantial form of her sympathy before him.

A Wise Parent.

He—Your father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am his employee, I hope!

She—Oh, no. He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

AT the ladies' underwear counters we've an exceptionally large range of blouses. Without saying so you know that the prices are right. The following list will give you a partial idea of the completeness of the stocks.

Blouses, plain white lawn with rolling collar, 40c.
Blouses, white lawn, with frill, 85c., $1.
Blouses, white lawn, trimmed, embroidered, rolling collar, $1, $1 25, $1 35.
Blouses, long, trimmed with colored embroidery, in buttercup, $1 25.
Blouses, mull muslin, trimmed, colored embroidery, $1 75.
Blouses, colored, prettr prints, pink, navy, gray, 32 to 40 bust measure, 50c.
Blouses, Norfolk, navy, cadet, black, pink, 65c.
Blouses, fine Am. Sateen, with cascade front, black, navy, $1 40, $2, $2 25
Blouses, silk, cardinal, navy blue, black, $3.50.

A new opening at the underwear counters is a line of sateen skirts in buttercup, black and plain blue. You'll pronounce the goods lovely—$1 25 and $1 50. Do you know of our underwear? Always stocks you can depend upon. One never wants anything else, and yet it's easy to get something else.

Ladies' Chemises, lace trimmed, 20c.
Ladies' Chemises, trimmed, frills, 25c., 35c.
Ladies' Chemises, torchon lace, tuck, 30c.
Ladies' Chemises, embroidered, insertions, tucks, 30c 50c., 65c., 75c.
Ladies' Drawers, 20c., 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 65c.

Our Queen is a New Corset Sold at 50 cents. Really a dollar Corset.

Order by letter if out of town.

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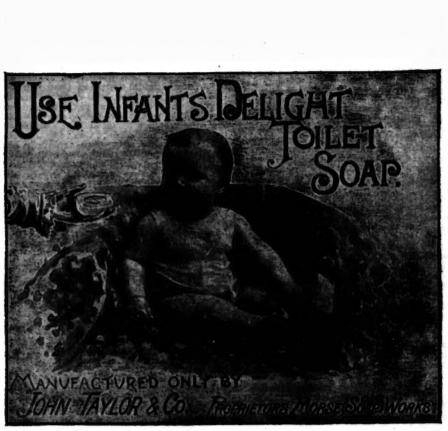
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.



"Is Mary a good servant?"

"In a misdirected sort of way. She dusts the cobwebs off the wine bottles and leaves 'em everywhere else."

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ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals, Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready.

We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cute and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

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QUALITY THE BEST
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For this Coming Week Our Spring Sale Continues

And bargains are added in all departments.

Balbriggan Hose, 17½c. and 25c.
Fine Black Lisle Thread, 45c., special.
Choice White Lawn Blouses.
Elegant Cambric Blouses.
Choice Delaines and light weight Summer Dress Goods.

212 YONGE STREET

"Oh, That This Too, Too Solid Flesh Would Melt!"

Our stout patients make the above exclamation less frequently since by our treatment they are reducing their weight at the rate of nine pounds every two weeks, besides enjoying more than their ordinary good health. We have several such cases.

Madam who is forty-five or fifty may in six months have her lines obliterated, her hollow cheeks made plump and round, those hollows in the neck filled out, her flesh made firm and her skin given a youthful glow by our treatments. Gentle massage, not pinching or pounding, and fascinating, milk baths or electricity, whichever is best for the subject. Write or call for particulars. MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S TOILET PARLORS, 145½ Yonge Street, Toronto. Superfluous hair removed by electrolysis. Send stamp for booklet.

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MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

We are now showing all the latest designs in French, English and American Patterns for

Spring and Summer Wear

Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

New Summer Millinery

A Very Fine Selection of Laces and Jet Trimmings

MISS PAYNTER

3 King Street East

Over J. E. Ellis & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

ALSO

Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles

Dressmakers' Magic Scale for Sale

With lessons or without.

Order Corsets to Measure

In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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256½ YONGE STREET

Just south of Trinity Square.

Ladies' Oxford Shoes

RUSSIAN LEATHER

In Tan and Wine color. Also Patent Leather and Kid.

Ease, Elegance and Economy combined.

J. D. KING & CO.

79 King Street East

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best. *Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.*

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

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441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto

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LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in curling their own hair during the hot weather, for traveling, seaside, country or at home, should provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty little NATURAL CURLY BANG, never requiring curling. Prices from $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7 and higher, according to size, style and color.

OUR STYLES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommend themselves.

OUR STOCK of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Puffs, etc., is complete.

Specialty in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to suit.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever seen in this country, manufactured at our premises of the best imported French convents hair. Very reasonable prices.

Six private ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Parties, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extract pour moustache, le teint et les mains.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TRAUGLE-ARMAND & CO.

Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Perfumery,

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Standard Dress Bone

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT

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All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

Ladies, Our Three Departments now fully opened. MILLINERY, choice spring goods, new shades. Latest designs in shapes, in great variety. Call and take advantage of our long experience.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING—Our Art, Fashion, Fit and Finish assured. Place orders early to insure prompt attention.

Headquarters for the "New and Perfect Tailor System." Cutting taught daily in all its branches.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge Street

MISS PATON has a beautiful assortment of the latest Paris styles for early spring wear, and is receiving some elegant models for street costumes. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her **Fine Stock** of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors, which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in **style**, while the prices are those of greatly inferior **goods** in the so-called **cheap stores.**

MISS DUFFY

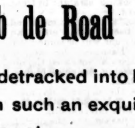
Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for **Dresses** will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.

112 YONGE STREET, West Side

Two doors south of Adelaide.

LADIES

ASK FOR



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Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts

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Antique Bedroom Suites From $10.90 upwards

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Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XII.

"Let us be off at once," Dr. Wade said to his companion, "we can talk as we go along. I have got two rifles with me, I can lend you one."

"I shall take no rifle," Bathurst said decidedly, "or rather I will take one of the shikari's guns for the sake of appearance and for use I will borrow one of their spears."

"Very well, I will do the shooting then," the doctor agreed.

The two men then took their places on the elephants most used to the work, and told the mahouts of the others to follow them, as the elephants should be required for driving the tiger out of the thick jungle, and they then started side by side for the scene of action.

"This is awful news, Bathurst. I could not have believed it possible that these fellows who have eaten our salt for years, fought our battles, and have seemed the most docile and obedient of soldiers, should have done this. That they should have been goaded into mutiny by lies about their religion being in danger I could have imagined well enough, but that they should go in for wholesale massacre, not only of their officers, but of women and children, seems well nigh incredible. You and I have always agreed that if they were once roused there was no saying what they would do, but I don't think either of us dreamt of anything as bad as this."

"I don't know," Bathurst said quietly, "one has watched this cloud gathering, and felt that if it did break it would be something terrible. No one can foresee now what it will be. The news that Delhi is in the hands of the mutineers, and that these have massacred all Europeans, and so placed themselves beyond all hope of pardon, will fly through India like a flash of lightning, and there is no guessing how far the matter will spread. There is no use disguising it from ourselves, as we talked before, week is over there may not be a white man left alive in India, save garrisons of strong places like Agra, and perhaps, the presidential towns where there is always a strong European force."

"I can't deny that it is possible, Bathurst. If this revolt spreads through the three presidencies the work of conquering India will have to be begun again, and worse than that, for we should have opposed to us a new army drilled and armed by ourselves, and led by the native officers we have trained. It seems stupefying that an empire won piecemeal, and after so hard fighting as the world has ever seen, should be lost in a week."

The doctor spoke as if the question was a purely impersonal one.

"Ugly, isn't it?" he went on, "and to think I have been doctoring up these fellows for the last thirty years. Saved their lives, sir, by wholesale; if I had known what had been coming I would have dosed them with arsenic, with as little remorse as I feel in shooting a tiger's whelp. Well, there is one satisfaction, the major has already done something towards turning the court house into a fortress, and I fancy a good many of the scoundrels will go down before they take it, that is, if they don't fall on us unawares. I have been a non-combatant all my life, but if I can shoot a tiger on the spring I fancy I can hit a Sepoy. By Jove, Bathurst, that juggler's picture you told me of is likely to come true, after all."

"I wish to Heaven it may not," Bathurst said gloomily. "I could look without dread at whatever is coming as far as I am concerned, if I could believe it possible that I should be fighting as I saw myself there."

"Pooh, nonsense, lad!" the doctor said. "Knowing what I know of you, I am sure that though you may feel nervous at first, you will get over it in time."

Bathurst shook his head. "I know myself too well, doctor, to indulge in any such hopes. Now you see we are going out tiger hunting. At present, now, as far as I am concerned, I should feel much less nervous if I knew that I was going to enter the jungle on foot with only this spear, than I do at the thought that you are going to fire that rifle a few paces from me."

"You will scarcely notice it in the excitement," the doctor said. "In cold blood I admit you might feel it, but I don't think you will when you see the tiger spring out from the jungle at us. But here we are. That is the nullah in which they say the tiger retires at night. I expect the beaters are lying all in readiness, and as soon as we have taken up our station at its mouth they will begin."

A shikari came up as they approached the spot.

"The tiger went out last night, Sahib, and finished the cow; he came back before daylight, and the beaters are all in readiness to begin."

The elephants were soon in position at the mouth of the ravine, which was some thirty yards across. At about the same distance in front of them the jungle of high, coarse grass and thick bush began.

"If you were going to shoot, Bathurst, we would take post one on each side, but as you are not going to, I will place myself nearly in the center, and if you are between me and the rocks the tiger is pretty certain to go on the other side, as it will probably be open to him. Now we are ready," he said to the shikari.

The latter waved a white rag on the top of a long stick, and at the signal a tremendous hubbub of gongs and tom-toms mingled with the shouts of numbers of the men, arose. The doctor looked across at his companion. His face was white and set, his muscles twitched convulsively; he was looking straight in front of him, his teeth set hard.

"An interesting case," the doctor muttered to himself, "if it had been anyone else than Bathurst. I expect the tiger will be some little time before it is down. Bathurst," he said, in a quiet voice. Three times he repeated the observation, each time raising his voice higher, before Bathurst heard him.

"The sooner it comes the better," Bathurst said between his teeth. "I wonder what face a hundred tigers, than this infernal din."

A quarter of an hour passed, and the doctor, rifle in hand, was watching the bushes in front, when he saw a slight rustle in another clump of leaves on his right, the side on which Bathurst was stationed.

"That's him, Bathurst; he has headed back; he caught sight of either your elephant or mine; he will make a bolt in another minute now unless he turns back at the fires."

A minute later there was a gleam of tawny yellow among the long grass, and quick as thought the doctor fired. With a sharp snarl the tiger leapt out and with two short bounds sprang on to the head of the elephant ridden by Bathurst. The mahout gave a cry of pain, for the talons of one of the fore paws was fixed in his leg. Bathurst leaned forward and thrust the spear he held deep into the animal's neck. At the same moment the doctor fired again, and the tiger, shot through the head, fell dead, while with a start, Bathurst lost his balance and fell over the elephant's head on to the body of the tiger.

It was fortunate indeed for him that the ball had passed through the tiger's skull just behind the ear, and that life was extinct before it touched the ground. Bathurst sprang to his feet shaken and bewildered, but otherwise unhurt.

"He is as dead as a door nail," the doctor shouted, "and lucky for you he was so. If he had had a kick left in him you would have been badly torn."

"I should never have fallen off," Bathurst said angrily, "if you had not fired. I could have finished him with a spear."

"You might or you might not. I could not wait to think about that, the tiger had struck its claws into the mahout's leg and would have had him off the elephant in another moment. That is a first-rate animal you were riding on or he would have turned and bolted; if he had done so you and the mahout would have both been off to a certainty."

By this time the shouts of some natives, who had taken their posts in some trees near, told the beaters that the shots they had heard had been successful, and with shouts of satisfaction they came rushing down. The doctor at once despatched one of them to bring up his trap and Bathurst's horse, and then examined the tiger.

It was a very large one, and the skin was in good condition, which showed that he had not taken to man-eating long. The doctor bound up the wound on the mahout's leg, and then superintended the skinning of the animal while waiting for the arrival of the trap.

When he came up he said, "You might as well take a seat by my side, Bathurst, the syce will sit behind and lead your horse."

Having distributed money among the beaters, the doctor took his place in his trap, the tiger skin was rolled up and placed under the seat, Bathurst mounted beside him and they started.

"There you see, doctor," Bathurst, who had not opened his lips from the time he had remonstrated with the doctor for firing, said, "you see it is of no use. I was not afraid of the tiger, for I knew that you were not likely to miss, and that in any case, it could not reach me on the elephant. I can declare that I had not a shadow of fear of the beast, and yet directly that row began, my nerves gave way altogether. It is hideous and yet, the moment the tiger charged, I felt perfectly cool again, for the row ceased as you fired your first shot. I actually rose as I grabbed the shoulder, and I was about to thrust the spear right down and I believe should have killed it if you had not fired again and startled me so that I fell from the elephant."

"I saw that the shouting and noise unnerved you, Bathurst, but I saw too that you were perfectly cool and steady when you thrust your spear into him. If it had not got hold of the mahout's leg, I should not have fired."

"I believe nothing to be done, doctor? You know now what it is likely we shall have to face with the Sepoys and what it will be with us if they rise. Is there nothing you can do for me?"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't believe in Dutch courage in any case, Bathurst. Certainly not in yours. There is no telling what the effect of spirits might be. I should not recommend them, lad. Of course, I can understand your feelings, but I believe that even if you do badly to begin with, you will pull round in the end. I have no doubt you will get a chance to show that it is nervous nerve and not courage in which you are deficient."

Bathurst was silent and scarce another word was spoken during the drive back to Deennugghur.

The place had its accustomed appearance until they drove up. The doctor, as he drew up before his bungalow, said: "Thank God they have not begun yet. I expect the news has might have found they had taken advantage of most of us being away, and had broken out before we got back."

"Well, I will go to the major at once and see what arrangements have been made, and whether there is any further news."

"I shall go off on my rounds," Bathurst said. "I had arranged yesterday to be at Nilpore this morning, and there will be time for me to get there now. It is only eleven o'clock yet. I shall go about my work as usual until matters come to a head."

The doctor found that the major was over at the tent, which served as the orderly office, and at once followed him there.

"Nothing fresh, major?"

"No; we have found everything going on as usual. It has been decided to put the court house as far as we can in a state of defence. I shall have the spare ammunition quietly taken over there, with stores of provisions. The ladies have undertaken to sew up sacking and make gunny bags for holding earth, and of course we shall get a store of water there. Everything will be done quietly at present, and things will be sent in there by such servants as we can thoroughly rely upon, after dark. At the first signs of trouble the residents will make straight for that point. Of course we must be guided by circumstances. If the trouble begins in the daytime—that is, if it does begin, for the native officers assure us that we can trust implicitly the loyalty of the men—there will probably be time for everyone to gain the court house; if it is at night, and without warning, as it was at Meerut, I can only say, doctor, may God help us all, for I fear that few, if any, of us would get there alive. Certainly not enough to make any efficient defence."

"I do not see that there is anything else to do, major. I trust with you that the men will prove faithful; if not, it is a black look-out whichever way we take it."

"Did you kill the tiger, doctor?"

"Yes; at least Bathurst killed it I did between us. I wounded him first. It then sprang upon Bathurst's elephant, and he speared it, and I finished it with a shot through the head."

"Speared it!" the major repeated; "why didn't he shoot it? What was he doing with his spear?"

"He was born, major, with a constitutional horror of fire-arms, inherited from his mother. I will tell you about it some day. In fact, he cannot stand noise of any sort. It has been a source of great trouble to the young fellow, who in all other respects has more than a fair share of courage. However, we will talk about that when we have more time on our hands. There is no special duty you can give me at present?"

"Yes, there is. You are in some respects the most disengaged man in the station, and can come and go without attracting any attention. I propose, therefore, that you shall take charge of the arrangement of matters in the court house. I think that it will be an advantage if you move from your tent into the court house. There is plenty of room there. There is no saying at what time there may be trouble with the Sepoys, and it would be a great relief to me to have someone in the court house who could take the lead if the women, with the servants and so on, came flocking in while we were still absent on the parade ground. Besides, with your rifle, you could drive any small party off who attempted to seize it by surprise. If you were there you would call it the hospital, which would be an excuse for sending in stores, bedding, and so on.

"You might mention in the orderly room that it is getting so hot now that you think it would be as well to have a room or two fitted up under a roof, instead of having the sick in tents, in case there should be an outbreak of cholera or anything of that sort this year. I will say that I think the idea is a very good one, and that as the court house is little used, you had better establish yourself there. The native officers who hear what we say will spread the news, I don't say it will be believed, but at least it will serve as an explanation."

"Yes, I think that that will be a very good plan, major. Two of the men who act as hospital orderlies I can certainly depend upon, and they will help to receive the things sent in from the bungalows, and will hold their tongues as to what is being done; I shall leave my tent standing and use it in the daytime as before, but will make the court house my headquarters. How are we off for arms?"

"There are five cases of muskets and a considerable stock of ammunition in that small magazine in the lines; one of the first things will be to get them removed to the court house. We have already arranged to do that to-night; it will give us four or five muskets apiece."

"Good, major, I will load them all myself and keep them locked up in a room upstairs facing the gateway, and should there be any trouble I fancy I could give a good account of any small body of men who might attempt to make an entrance; I am very well content with my position as commandant of the hospital, let us call it; the house has not been much good to us hitherto, but I suppose when it was bought it was intended to make this a more important station; it is fortunate we did buy it now, for we can certainly turn it into a small fortress. Still, of course, I cannot disguise from myself that though we might get on successfully for a time against your Sepoys, there is no hope of holding it long if the whole country rises."

"I agree with you there, doctor," the major said gravely, "but I have really no fear of that. With the assistance of the Rajah of Bithoor, Cawnpore is safe. His example is almost certain to be followed by almost all the other great land-owners. No, it is quite bad enough that we have to face a Sepoy mutiny. I cannot believe that we are likely to have a general rising on our hands. If we do——" and he stopped.

"If we do, it is all up with us, major, there is no disguising that. However, we must look at the worst side of things. Well, I will go with you to the orderly room, and will talk with you about the hospital matter, supposing that there is a rumor of cholera, and so on, and ask if I can't have a part of the court house, then we can walk across there together, and see what arrangement had best be made."

The following day brought another despatch from the colonel, saying that the rumors as to Delhi were confirmed, the native regiments had joined the Meerut mutineers, had shot down their officers and murdered every European they could laid hands on, that three regiments of six non-commissioned officers, who were in charge of the magazine, had defended it desperately, and had finally blown up the magazine with hundreds of its assailants. Three of the defenders had reached Meerut with the news.

Day by day the gloom thickened, the native regiments in the Punjaub rose as soon as the news from Meerut and Delhi reached them, but there were white troops there, and they were dealt with energetically and promptly. In some places the mutineers were disarmed before they broke out into open violence; in other cases mutinous regiments were promptly attacked and scattered. Several of the native chiefs had hastened to assure the Government of their fidelity, and had placed their troops and resources at its disposal.

But in the Punjaub alone the look-out appeared favorable. In the Doab, a mutiny had taken place at four of the stations, and the Sepoys had marched away to Delhi, but without injuring the Europeans.

After for a week there was quiet, and then at places widely apart—at Hansid and Hissar, to the north-west of Delhi; at Nussearabad, in the center of Rajpootana, at Harelli and other stations in Rohilcund, the Sepoys rose, and in most places massacre was added to mutiny. Then three regiments of the Bengal contingent at Mooltan rose and fled. Then the two regiments broke out at Jhansi, and the whole of the Europeans, after desperately defending themselves for four days, surrendered on promise of their lives, but were instantly murdered.

But before the news of the Jhansi massacre reached Deennugghur they heard of other risings nearer to them. On the 30th of May the three native regiments at Lucknow rose, and were speedily followed by the native troops at Seetapoor under Sir Henry Lawrence. At Seetapoor the Sepoys rose on the 3rd of June and massacred the Europeans. On the 4th the Sepoys at Mohundee imitated the example of those at Seetapoor; while on the 5th two regiments rose at Fyzabad, in the south-eastern division of the province and massacred all the Europeans.

Up to this time the news from Cawnpore had still been good. The Rajah of Bithoor had offered Sir Hugh Wheeler reinforcements of two guns and three hundred men, and it was believed that seeing his powerful and influential chief had thrown his weight into the scale on the side of the British, the four regiments of native troops would remain quiet.

Sir Hugh had but a handful of Europeans with him, but had just received a reinforcement of fifty men of the 32nd regiment from Lucknow, and he had forced an entrenchment within which the Europeans of the station, and the fugitives who had come in from the districts around, could take refuge.

Several communications passed through Sir Hugh Wheeler and Major Hannay, the latter had been offered the choice of moving into Cawnpore with his wing of the regiment or remaining at Deennugghur. He had chosen the latter alternative, pointing out that he still believed in the loyalty of the troops with him; but that if they went to Cawnpore they would doubtless be carried away with the other regiments, and would only swell the force of mutineers there. He was assured, at any rate, they would not rise unless their comrades at Cawnpore did so, but that it was best to manifest confidence in them, as not improbably did they hear that they were ordered to march to Cawnpore, they might take it as a slur on their fidelity and mutiny at once.

The week had been one of intense anxiety, gradually stores of provisions had been conveyed into the hospital, as it was now called. The roof inside the yard had been put into thorough order, and the residents had sent in stores of bedding and such portable valuables as could be removed.

In but few cases had the outbreaks taken place at night, the mutineers almost always breaking out either upon being ordered to parade or upon actually falling in. It was felt by no means certain when a crisis might come, and the Europeans all lay down to rest in their clothes every night, one person in each remaining up all night on watch, so that at the first alarm all might hurry to the shelter of the hospital.

Its position was a strong one. A lofty wall enclosing a court yard and garden surrounding it. The bungalow completely filled the upper floor from fire, the windows of the upper floor were above the level of the wall and commanded a view over the country, while round the flat-roofed roof ran a parapet some five feet high.

During the day the ladies of the station generally gathered at Mr. Hunter's, which was the bungalow nearest to the hospital. The men worked at the bags intended to hold earth, and kept up each other's spirits as well as they could. Although all looked and felt worn from anxiety and watching, there were, after the first few days, no manifestations of fear. Occasionally a tear would drop over their work, especially in the case of the wives of some of the others. Generally, as soon as the meeting was complete, Mrs. Hunter read aloud one of the psalms suited to their position and the prayers for those in danger, then the work was got out and the needles plied briskly. Even Mrs. Rintoul showed a fortitude and courage that would not have been expected from her.

"One never knows people," Mrs. Doolan said to Isobel, as they walked back from one of these meetings, "as long as one only sees them under ordinary circumstances. I have never had any patience with Mrs. Rintoul, with her constant complaining and imaginary ailments. Now that there is really something to complain about, she is positively one of the calmest and most cheerful among us. It is curious, is it not, how our talk always turns upon home! India is hardly ever mentioned. We might be a party of intimate friends, sitting in some drawing room in the quiet city of our girlhood. Why, we have learnt more of each other and each other's history the last fortnight than we should have done if we had lived here together for twenty years under ordinary circumstances. Except as to your little brother, I think you are the only one, Isobel, who has not talked much of home."

"I suppose it is because my home was not a very happy one," Isobel said.

"I notice that all the talk is about happy scenes, nothing is ever said about disagreeables. I suppose, my dear, it is just as I have heard, that starving people talk about the feasts they have eaten, and talk of the pleasant times we have had. It is the contrast that makes them dearer. It is funny too, if anything can be funny in these days, how different we are in the evening, when we have the men with us, to what we are when we are together alone in the day. Another curious thing is that our trouble seems to make us more like each other. Of course we are not more like, but we all somehow take the same tone, and seem to have sprung up out of our particular ways and fancies."

"Now, the men don't seem like that. Mr. Hunter, for example, whom I used to think an even-tempered and easy-going sort of man, has become fidgety and querulous. The major is even more genial and kind than usual. The doctor snaps and snarls at everyone and everything. Anyone listening to my husband would say that he was is the wildest spirits. Rintoul is quieter than usual, and the two lads have grown older and wiser. I don't say they are less full of fun than they were, especially Wilson, but they are less boyish in their fun, and they think, I am sure, more of devoting themselves to two or three of us, you principally. Perhaps Richards is the most changed, he thinks less of his horses, less of the and the polish of his boots than he used to do, and one sees that he has some ideas in his head besides those about horses. Captain Forster is, perhaps, not improved, but at any rate you can judge better than I can, for you see more of him. As to Mr. Bathurst, I can say nothing, for we only have seen him in the evening, and he is in the station who goes about his work as usual; he starts away the first thing in the morning, and comes home in the evening, and I suppose spends the night in writing reports, though what is the use of writing reports at the present time I don't know. Mr. Hunter was saying last night it was very foolish of him. What with disbanded soldiers and what with parties of mutineers, it is most dangerous for any European to stir outside the station."

"Uncle was saying the same," Isobel said ruefully. "Well, here we separate. Of course you will be in as usual this evening!" for the major's house was the general rendezvous after dinner.

Isobel had her private troubles, although, as she often said to herself angrily, when she thought of them, what did it matter now? She was discussed with herself for having spoken as strongly as she did as to the man's cowardice. She was very discontented with the doctor for having repeated it. She was angry with Bathurst for staying away altogether, although willing to admit that after he knew what she had said, it was impossible that he should meet her as before. Perhaps, she was angry because at a time when their lives were all in deadly peril she should allow the matter to dwell in her mind a single moment.

Late one afternoon, Bathurst walked into the major's bungalow just as he was about to sit down to dinner.

"Major, I want to speak to you for a moment," he said.

"Sit down and have some dinner, Bathurst. You have become altogether a stranger."

"Thank you, major, but I have a great deal to do. Can you spare me five minutes now? It is of importance."

Isobel rose to leave the room.

"There is no reason, you should not hear, Miss Hannay, but it would be better that none of the servants should be present. That is why I wish to speak before your uncle goes into dinner."

Isobel sat down with an air of indifference.

"For the last week, major, I have ridden every day five-and-twenty to thirty miles in the direction of Cawnpore; my official work has been practically at an end since we heard from Meerut. I could see no use, I have thought that I could do no better service than trying to obtain the earliest news from Cawnpore. I am sorry to say that this afternoon I distinctly heard firing in that direction. What the result is of course I do not know, but I feel little doubt that troubles have begun there. But that is not all. On my return home, ten minutes ago, I found this letter on my dressing-table. It had no direction, and is, as you see, in Hindoostan," and he handed it to the major, who read: "To the Sahib Bathurst.—Rising at Cawnpore to-day. Nana Sahib and his troops will join the Sepoys. Whites will be destroyed. Rising at Deennugghur at daylight to-morrow. Troops after kill you if you will join those at Cawnpore. Be warned in time, the tiger is not to be beaten off with the whip."

"Good heavens!" the major exclaimed, "can this be true? Can it be possible that the Rajah of Bithoor is going to join the mutineers? It is impossible, he could never be such a scoundrel."

"What is it, uncle?" Isobel asked, leaving her seat and coming up to him.

The major translated the letter.

"It must be a hoax," he went on; "I cannot believe it. What does this stuff about beating a tiger with a whip mean?"

"I am sorry to say, Major Hannay, that part of the letter convinces me that the contents

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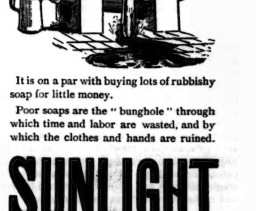

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can be implicitly relied upon. The writer did not dare sign his name, but those words are sufficient to show me, and were no doubt intended to show me, whom the warning comes from. It is from that juggler who performed here some six weeks ago. Going about as he does, and putting aside altogether those strange powers of his, he has no doubt the means of knowing what is going on. As I told you that night, I had done him some slight service, and he promised at the time that if the occasion should ever rise he would risk his life to save mine. The fact that he showed, I have no doubt, especially to please me, the feat that few Europeans have ever before, is, to my mind, a proof of his good will and that he meant what he said."

"But how do you know that it is from him, Bathurst? You will excuse my pressing the question, but, of course, everything depends on my being assured that this communication is trustworthy."

"This allusion to the tiger shows me that, major, it alludes to an incident that I believe to be known only to him and his daughter and to Dr. Wade, to whom alone I mentioned it."

As the major still looked enquiringly, Bathurst went on reluctantly. "It was a trifling affair, major, the result of a passing impulse. I was riding home from Narkeet, and in coming along the road through the jungle, which was at that time almost deserted by the natives on account of the ravages of the man-eater, whom the doctor afterwards shot, I heard a scream. Galloping forward, I came upon the brute, standing with one paw upon a prostrate girl, while a man, the juggler, was standing frantically waving his arms. On the impulse of the moment, I sprang from my horse and lashed the tiger across the head with that heavy dog-whip I carry, and the brute was so astonished that it bolted into the jungle.

"That was the beginning and end of affairs, except that, although fortunately, the girl was practically unhurt, she was so unnerved that we had to carry her to the next village, where she lay for some time ill from the shock of fright. After that, they came round here and performed, for my amusement, the feats I told you of. So you see I have every reason to believe in the good faith of the writer of this letter."

"By Jove, I should think you had," the major said. "Why, my dear Bathurst, I had no idea that you could do such a thing."

"We have all our strong points and our weak ones, major. That was one of my strong ones, I suppose. And now what had best be done, sir? That is the important question at present."

This was so evident that Major Hannay at once dismissed all other thoughts from his mind.

"Of course I and the other officers must remain at our posts until the Sepoys actually arrive. The question is as to the others. Now that we know the worst, or believe we know it, ought we to send the women and children away?"

"That is the question, sir. But where can they be sent? Lucknow is besieged. The whites at Cawnpore must have been surrounded by this time. The bands of mutineers are ranging the whole country, and at the news that Nana Sahib has joined the rebels, it is probable that all will rise. I should say that it was a matter in which Mr. Hunter and other civilians had better be consulted."

"Yes, we will hold a council," the major said.

"I think, major, it should be done quietly. It is probable that many of the servants may know of the intentions of the Sepoys, and if they see that anything like a council of the Europeans has been held, they may take the news to the Sepoys, and the latter, thinking that their intention is known, may rise at once."

"That is quite true. Yes, we must do nothing to arouse suspicion. What do you propose, Mr. Bathurst?"

"I will go and have a talk with the doctor; he can go round to the other officers one by one. I will tell Mr. Hunter and he will tell the other residents, so that when they meet here in the evening no explanations will be needed, and a very few words as we sit out on the veranda will be sufficient."

"That will be a very good plan. We will sit down to dinner as if nothing had happened; if they are watching at all they will be keeping their eyes on us then."

"Very well, I will be in by nine o'clock, major," and with a slight bow to Isobel, Bathurst stepped out through the open window and made his way to the doctor's.

(To be Continued.)

A Glimpse of War.

Twenty years ago, when the Prussians, like a ring of iron, drew their invincible army slowly around the fortifications of Metz, I found myself in a little French village that had just been taken possession of by the Germans. I was correspondent for a Cincinnati paper during what the French persist in calling the Franco-Prussian, and the Germans persist in calling the Franco-German war.

A low stone coping ran along the road at the end of the village, and one sunny day I stood here leaning against the wall, beside the sentry.

For several days only some slight skirmishes had taken place between the two armies engaged at this point.

They were separated here by a diminutive valley, whose sides were covered with that most delicious fruit for which this region of the Moselle is famous—bunches of glowing autumn grapes.

Those grapes as I gazed down upon them, tempted me wonderfully. I knew the sentry beside me; he was a huge Pomeranian, who, in the capacity of his calling, had shaved me a number of times in the capital of Prussia. But as I expressed an inclination to descend the hillside and secure some of the fruit, the sentry shook his head.

Down there, said he, in the midst of that thicket of trees and vines, the place was swarming with Frenchmen only too eager to get a shot at a man.

I laughed at his words. "Why, what can you see down there, Moritz?" I said. And, in truth, as we gazed down, the scene seemed peaceful enough.

Two peasant women, in gaudy costumes, were gathering grapes in little baskets. Beyond, on the other side of the valley, ran a wall, upon which we could catch a glimpse of the red trowsers of the French sentry lolling there.

After a moment's hesitation I leaped suddenly over the coping and ran lightly down the hill. Moritz cried the words of a hasty warning after me, but the sounds fell unintelligibly upon my ears. The two French peasant women dropped their baskets and ran hastily away at the sight of what they took to be the approach of one of those dreaded Prussians.

In another moment my parched gums were feasting on those famous grapes. They were delicious. I can taste them yet.

My pleasure was of short duration. From some close quarter a shot came suddenly and tore away a bunch a few inches from my outstretched hand. I thought at first that this was a joke on the part of my friend, the sentry, and was just turning about to protest against such grim humor when another shot came in close proximity, but fortunately without harming me.

The bright sun dazed my faculties for an instant. What should I do? I could not ascend that steep and unprotected hill behind me and reach the stone coping alive.

I plunged into the thicket where probably the very danger was lurking; and yet it was my only refuge.

I slipped carefully through the rows of vines until I found myself in the shelter of the trees that covered the bottom of the valley. A little stream ran past here, and the wood, though small, was very dense.

What troubled me most was that the crackling twigs ceaselessly betrayed my footsteps. The whole ground was covered with dead branches. I halted and listened, after every step, for another sound or sign of the enemy.

If they were near they must infallibly have heard the noise of my movements; yet I could not hear the slightest noise of their presence.

As I stood here, unnerved for a time at least, I began to speculate on a way out of this dilemma into which I had thoughtlessly wandered. My eye restlessly roamed from tree to tree, seeking a safe avenue for retreat. All things were so still that I could hear a faint rattling of musketry, so distant that the fall of a leaf would have drowned the sound borne on the trembling wind.

Of a sudden a grumbling voice broke upon my ears so close to me that it was startling.

"*Ou est il done?*" inquired the grumbler, in a voice that was intended for his companion only, but which reached me distinctly, so near were we to each other.

The other answered, but his words escaped me. They spoke together in lowered tones as they stood there, and from what I overheard, they seemed to think that *I*, not being in uniform, was a spy trying to creep through the French lines.

A sudden great crackling of the twigs made me retreat to the stream, and covered the rattling of musketry, so distant that the fall of a leaf would have drowned the sound borne on the trembling wind.

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"Ah," I muttered to myself, "there come the two grape-pickers." I thought that the two Frenchmen were approaching to investigate my position, but here, instead, the noise was caused by the heavy sabots of the two peasant women, who advanced, peering through the trees, as if they were also seeking the whereabouts of the fugitive Prussian.

There was something odd in their appearance, and though I could gain but a passing glimpse of them, I made a discovery.

The two women were carrying muskets in their hands.

Those, indeed, were masculine forms and faces. And their voices! fool that I was, not to have recognized them before.

I crawled softly and quickly, half along the sandy bed of the stream, half along the white stones that lay in the shallow water. Thus I threaded the bed of the stream until the voices of my pursuers grew fainter. I had proceeded some distance, and now, through the thinning trees, I saw that I had come within shooting distance of the red-trowered sentinel lying upon the wall, sunning himself.

There were, in fact, two sentries there; one lolling upon the wall and the other leaning against it with but head and shoulders visible. I observed them very distinctly; I heard their voices now and then, and the lazy yawning of one that lay in the sunlight.

I saw their chassepots gleaming in the sun and in such close proximity they wore an ugly look.

I was safe, however, as long as their attention was not attracted toward me, and so I turned my thoughts to my two pursuers again. I heard them hunting and cursing for a while far in my rear, but now all noise of them had died away.

Happening to turn my glance up to the stone coping, to which I longed to return, I saw, to my surprise, that the two grape pickers had given up my pursuit and were engaged in their former occupation again. But now they were much nearer to the coping than they had been before, and under cover of their pretended employment they were still slowly but surely advancing. I well perceived their object.

Here was a predicament truly. The sentinel not possessed of an abundance of wit, would let the two approach unchalleged, until they were near enough to turn suddenly and shoot him with their hidden weapons; and yet were I to attempt to warn him, swift and sure retribution would be upon my own head, both from before and behind me.

But this was not all. At the place where I stood in hiding the foliage that sheltered the stream grew scarce and ended. Before me was a wide plot of unprotected turf.

On the other side of this open space the thicket there began to stealthily be stirred. I saw the tops of the bushes nod. What other foe lay crouching there? Was there one who could see me and was aiming at me even now perhaps? Was the thickest full of soldiers who would rush forth when the death-shot of the sentry above should ring out?

This train of nervous fancies, however, was now interrupted. Rising carefully from the midst of the bushes, I saw a well known pointed helmet. A head rose, too, and a hand that waved a greeting.

It was Moritz, who, grown uneasy at my non-appearance, had stolen down to ferret out the cause.

Immense as was the figure of the Pomeranian, yet he concealed himself very ably. I noticed from his actions that he guarded himself only from the view of the two sentries by the wall, seeming to think that screened from them he would be safe.

As he crawled carefully out into the open, therefore, I attracted his attention to the two masculine females who had gradually stolen close to the coping.

The Pomeranian knelt in the grass and looked up. As he saw the two figures and the intentions which their movements betrayed, his face became transfixed with rage. So terrible was the wrath depicted upon it that I was glad to see it turned toward others than myself.

One of those figures up there, in his gaudy costume, had already reached the coping and with his chassepot to his shoulder ready for firing, peered stealthily over the stone wall to locate the sentry.

At this sot and those costumes of duplicity, the large Pomeranian, regardless of all consequences, leaped from the earth and fairly bellowed with rage. It seemed to infuriate him beyond reason that those two rogues above should have thus deceived him. A sudden flash from his gun thoroughly annihilated the disguised soldier at the coping.

Swinging his gun like a club and roaring with fury, he ran up the hillside toward the other. Somehow his actions aroused me to a like fury, and we both tore madly up the hill toward the skirted soldier who, turning, seemed struck as if by a thunderbolt at our sudden approach.

The shot of Moritz had sent the echoes reverberating among the hills. The French outposts leaped up, as if electrified, from their sunny wall; innumerable others started up from the surrounding thickets. A rain of bullets fairly peppered the grassy slope.

But our sudden on-rush had carried us in advance of this hail. The quick, uncertain aiming of the enemy also led to the fortunate fact that we remained uninjured.

So quickly was the Pomeranian upon his foe, that the latter had no time to recover from his surprise, not even to raise his gun. The onslaught of the huge fellow bore the little Frenchman to the earth, and the Pomeranian picked him up, neck and crop, and dragged him over the wall.

The red-trowsered grape-picker was then led, jeered and hooted at, through the village—a most dejected skirmisher.

The chassepots across the way yelped angrily at us throughout the rest of the day; but two days afterward, that hillside over there was swarming with Prussians, and the iron ring had closed more closely about Metz.—*Detroit Free Press.*

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Ald. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; meals extra. Dr. Dickson, Mr. Morris and purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where 40 or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expectation is that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

Always Something New.

Uncle Silas—Here! I thought you said them pants wouldn't shrink! I got caught in the rain goin' back to the hotel an' now look at 'em!

Isaacs—Mein frient, ven I tolt you dose pants vouldn't shrink, I meant dat dey vouldn't shrink permanently. Dey vos made of chemically prepared fabric, so dat ven it pegins to rain you don't haf to turn the pottoms of dem up. Ven fair vedder sets in dey vill lengthen out of demselves.

For Spring and Summer.
DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE
NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!
Delightfully Refreshing.
BY ALL CHEMISTS.

HIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood; are safe and effectual like best medicine known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, dizziness, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tabule gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by Druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents. HIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

A Progressive Conundrum.

They were working the conundrum racket at a small sociable on Cass avenue the other evening, when a previously silent youth put in his oar with the current conversation.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" asked the crowd.

"Why is heaven like a baby?"

They wrestled with it for ten minutes and gave it up; then he submitted this answer:

"Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is is in the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is the primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yeller, and a pronounced yeller is a baby."

After which he once more relapsed into silence.

Near Enough.

She—You say that you have never been in love. How near have you come to it?

He—I was married once.

25c. for a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS, worth a guinea.

A Thieving Storm.

"This is highway robbery," said Morrison Essex, as the heavy rains washed the road away from in front of his place.

For Nervous Exhaustion
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

Close Practice.

Smith—You know how suspicious some Jews are?

Jones—No; are they?

Smith—I knew two who always counted their fingers after they shook hands with each other.

A New Departure
THE FATHER MATHEW REMEDY
Is a certain and speedy cure for intemperance, and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquors. It is at the same time a febrifuge, a tonic and an alterative. As a febrifuge it drives away the internal fever which consumes the intemperate and gives him a craving for liquor; as a tonic it restores to a healthy condition his stomach and his liver, which are almost always out of order, and builds up his nervous system; as an alterative, it makes a new man of him.

The Wrong Man.

Deacon Bloodfoot—The number of saloons in New York is simply appalling. Why, if you should walk up Broadway from Union square to Twenty-third street, how many dram shops do you think you would pass?

Dick Rounder—None.—*Puck.*

Sample Chocolate Free.
A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

The Haughty Arthur.

"Arthur is very exclusive," said proud Mrs. Bunker the other day. "He will not graduate with his class this week, but will wait until the autumn, and graduate alone."

And even Arthur, conditioned as he was, went out of doors and grinned.

Mr. F. J. Pinfold, Hyde's Mills, Wis., U.S.A., writes: "Have been afflicted with sick headache for 25 years, but since using Diamond Vera-Cura have not had an attack of it." Ask druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

Holding Back.

Witherby—There's a button almost off your coat, old man. You ought to call your wife's attention to it.

Von Blumer (sadly)—I'm going to, as soon as I can save up enough money to get her a new gown.

WHAT
is the best Cure for any wasting disease like La Grippe? Undoubtedly the only sure remedy known is
PEPTONIZED
Ale and Beef
That sensible combination of Pepsin, Beef and Ext Malt.
PRICE 25 CENTS
At All Drug Stores

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Prompt-Safe-Certain
Rapidly Dissolve Speedily Assimilate
The delicate sugar-coating of AYER'S Pills dissolves immediately, on reaching the stomach, and permits the full strength of the ingredients to be speedily assimilated; hence, *every dose is effective.* AYER'S Pills are the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. They have no equal as a cathartic, stomachic, or antibilious medicine. Physicians everywhere recommend them for the relief and cure of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, loss of appetite, colds, chills, fevers, and rheumatism. They are carefully put up both in vials and boxes, for home use and export.
Constipation
Dyspepsia
Biliousness
Headache
"I have been using Ayer's Pills for over twenty-five years, both personally and in my practice, with the best possible results, and recommend them in cases of chronic diarrhœa, knowing their efficiency from personal experience, they having cured when other medicines failed."—S. C. Webb, M. D., Liberty, Miss.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective.

UNEXCELLED FOR STRENGTH AND SMOOTHESS
Cortecelli
SPOOL SILK
On sale by leading dealers the Continent over

A Friend in Need.

Philanthropist—Why are you crying so, my child?

Little Girl—Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible.

Philanthropist—Well, well! my poor child; dry your tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it.—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop'rs.

VOL. VI] TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1892. [NO. 30

Art and Artists.

A PAPER which, like the *World*, invariably speaks sturdily of Canada and professes the utmost confidence in our own sufficiency, no matter what hardship political malice or misadventure may threaten us with from abroad, is surely talking out of tune on this matter of a statue to the late Sir John A. Macdonald. A newspaper must be judged, not by what it feels but by the feelings which it conveys to the public. The *World* feels no doubt that the contract for supplying this statue should be open to the competition of the sculptors of the whole earth, and then if, all things considered, the work can be given to a Canadian, so much the better. The feeling it conveys to the public, however, is that Canadian sculptors are no good, and that if the contract is given to a native it will be a piece of favoritism and the work will lack merit. In encouraging such a feeling a newspaper fortifies a notion too well fortified already, the disastrous influence of which, in matters outside of art, is well known to observant men. It is this notion that causes some people to buy nothing in their own town, that causes some men to smoke any rank weed so long as it is called an imported cigar, while despising an infinitely better article made at home. This same notion loiters at the bottom of certain newspaper men's hearts as they growl of hard times here and praise Dakota where times are incalculably harder. In the breast of an Englishman it would make him feel a contempt for Gladstone, and then look away around the globe and admire Sir Oliver Mowat or Sir Henry Parkes. This is the notion that robs the prophet of honor in his own country; that makes heroes of remote personages only; that fathers contempt for great men at our doors and breeds admiration for mediocre foreigners. In this eternal worship of Italian and French art people allow daubers and dunces in Rome and Paris to appropriate to their living persons all the bequeathed glory of long dead geniuses. This bequest was to the race and the race should step into possession of its own. A rich Canadian is said to have refused not long ago to patronize a sculptor, giving as his reason that Italian work was the proper thing, and even if the Canadian produced better statuary than could be bought in Rome he would have none of it because it lacked the standing of imported work. This shallow sentiment, this puff-ball refinement of taste in statuary and these mock-connoisseurs in art who judge a piece of statuary by the shipping bill that accompanies it deserve no assistance from the Canadian Government.

*

The *World*, half-conscious of inconsistency, says: "We cannot say of art what we have often said in these columns in regard to manufactures and industries, that as good work can be done here as abroad. As a matter of fact the best sculptors live in Europe, though some very fine work is now being done in the United States by native artists and by Europeans who have settled in that country." What induced some European artists to settle in the United States? The knowledge that there lay a great country in which the domestic cultivation of the arts was encouraged and native painters and sculptors were given a show. And the native artists of the United States did not always do fine work, but, receiving encouragement, some of those in New York are now equal to any in Paris when you consider their difference of location. Besides, the statement applied to sculptors will apply in a thousand opposite directions. "As a matter of fact the best sculptors live in Europe;" as further matters of fact, then, the best butter is made in Denmark, the best coal is mined in Pennsylvania, the best cutlery is made in Manchester, the best prints and cottons and picture frames and wall papers, the best machinery, the best refineries for ores, oils and sugars are in Europe or the United States, yet the *World* advocates a mining policy and smelting works and steel shops and manufactories and every home industry that can be encouraged by tariff protection and governmental solicitude. Protection is either an all-round power or an all-round sham, and our contemporary is either wrong on art or wrong on trade. If it contended that true art did not live outside of Paris and Rome its opinion would deserve courteous hearing, but when it points to the United States as a place where good art is to be found, then [recall a hundred instances when that same finger pointed to the same place to illustrate what a policy of encouragement could do for native enterprises. It is my opinion, and undoubtedly vast numbers share it, that Canadian art is as far advanced as Canadian statesmanship, and that native statuary is competent to portray the best of native subjects. If the Statue of Liberty had been fashioned by an American hand it would have meant more to Americans than it ever will mean as the gift of France. Sir John Macdonald was the father of Canadianism, a sentiment which as it grew bore him aloft with it and made him great, but it has not yet animated the whole country nor his own party in all its branches. A statue wrought by foreign skill would be a most disenchanting memorial of a man who, according to his friends, made Canada something on the map of nations.

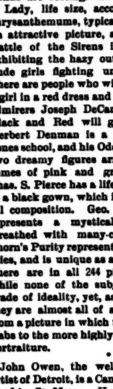
*

"The fourteenth exhibition of the Society of American Artists at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, New York, makes a most creditable showing of pictures, and is a very fair example of the present stage of development in American art," says the *Decorator and Furnisher*. Mr. Hubert Donoho obtained the Webb prize for a picture entitled Explorers, the subject being sheep straying in autumnal woods. A remarkable fidelity to nature characterizes the picture, and it is a landscape study of great merit. Albert Herter contributes a delightful study of a nude figure with flowers, representing a girl in the bloom of womanhood beside a wealth of crimson and white flowers. The picture is very captivating. Childe Hassam in his dashing style has five pictures. That entitled Midsummer Morning, Celia Thaxter's Garden Isle of Shoals, exhibits a field of crimson poppies with here and there a golden sunflower in the foreground, overlooking a distant hazy sea. Kenyon Cox exhibits two nude subjects. The one entitled Blonde exhibits a dainty, youthful figure of a girl with Titian red hair, seated on a yellow couch. The pose of the figure is somewhat awkward, but the execution is wonderfully realistic. Edwin H. Blashfield's Angel at the Gates of Paradise is a grandiose conception, showing the face and figure of an angel, illuminated with the light that radiates from the sword, on whose hilt his hands are resting. H. R. Butler's Portrait of a Lady, life size, accompanied with yellow chrysanthemums, typical of unrequited love, is an attractive picture, and Fred. S. Church's Battle of the Sirens is a weird conception, exhibiting the hazy outlines of a number of nude girls fighting underneath the water. There are people who will admire a picture of a girl in a red dress and black hat, and for such admirers Joseph DeCamps' Arrangements in Black and Red will give great satisfaction. Herbert Denman is a painter of the Burne Jones school, and his Ode to Aphrodite portrays two dreamy figures arrayed in Grecian costumes of pink and green, reading an ode. Chas. S. Pierce has a life-sized portrait of a girl in a black gown, which is extremely artistic and full composition. Geo. W. Maynard's Flora represents a mystical girl crowned and wreathed with many-colored flowers. Wm. Thorn's Purity represents a girl in white, with lilies, and is unique as a study of girlish grace. There are in all 244 pictures exhibited, and while none of the subjects approach a high grade of ideality, yet, as transcripts from life they are almost all of a high order of merit, from a picture in which the paint is laid on in slabs to the more highly finished specimens of portraiture.

*

John Owen, the well known water color artist of Detroit, is a Canadian, having formerly lived in St. Marys. He has just had an exhibition of his works at Saginaw, where he has many admirers, and the local papers speak in great praise of his water colors, especially one, An Indian Summer Morn. Some of his Canadian friends are trying to persuade him to send some of his work to the Industrial Exhibition in Toronto this fall. VAN.

The Drama.



SARAH Bernhardt is in London playing Sardou's Cleopatra, and the *Pall Mall Budget* criticizes the performance comprehensively, as follows: "It cannot be said that M. Victorien Sardou has come well out of his contest with Shakespeare. He has hardly succeeded in putting together a better acting play than the original, while in other respects his failure is remarkable. Apart from questions of pure style we find a lamentable change in the characters. Sardou has most unfortunately belittled the two lovers. His Antony is merely a common-minded, hot-blooded soldier, without a touch of subtlety in his character. Such a weak creature is he that the Egyptian Queen's conquest of him is a poor matter. Cleopatra looks all nobility of character, and becomes a passionate, sensual, selfish, jealous creature, with no charm save purely physical. There is something repulsive in the love scenes between the two. Shakespeare has been sometimes censured for concentrating the interest of the play too exclusively on the lovers, but in this he has been quite outdone by the French author, who has barely sketched the others. He puts forward half a dozen men, who talk politics and explain the play; one he even disposed to fancy that they are sent on purposely to separate Bernhardt's scenes, and are hardly worth more attention than the recitative in the older Italian opera. However, it does not follow from all this that the performance is dull. Certain cuts should be made, and the waits ought to be shortened; but apart from this, there is not a doubt that the part suits Bernhardt. To say so is to assert that the greatest living actress was at her best on Saturday night. It did not matter at all what phase she had to show of the character; it was represented wonderfully; her cunning, catlike wooing at first, her reckless abandon to voluptuous happiness, her vulgar, vile jealousy when she hears of Antony's marriage—were all triumphant. Last time she was here her voice seemed worn and wearied, but that was only temporary, for Saturday night it was as wonderful as ever. Nothing seemed lacking of the dreamy murmuring music that seems more song than speech, and nothing of the horrible gutter screams of rage. Her quiet death had such a tender majesty of sorrow that it even held the house despite such bathos as "*le joli reptile*" and "*encore, douce bete*," used when the snake had bitten her once. Evidently the part pleases her, for she has shown the greatest nicety in detail and been conscientious enough even to redden her finger-tips. Though the play was handsomely mounted, her dresses were not strikingly beautiful to the uninitiated. There was nothing of the Gerome picture in her costumes, which, though perhaps technically excellent and full of fine detail, were neither graceful nor gorgeous at a little distance. M. Albert Darmont made a very fair Antony; his physique is splendid, and his acting power—so far as French actors go—well restrained. The house, despite the inordinate length of the performance, received the play with very warm applause."

The war dramas that have been received in the last three years have been the best paying attractions upon the road. People are beginning to tire of the mawkish sentimentality of the French melodrama and puerile drivel of the so-called society-play. Farce comedy has about reached the lowest point that it can touch, as is evidenced by the production of Elysium in New York last week, a farce comedy so lacking in common decency that even case-hardened newspaper critics were shocked, and it is really refreshing to witness a play having behind it a real motive. The Civil War was full of stirring and thrilling romances, and these are beginning to be rightly appreciated by dramatists. The latest war drama, Across the Potomac, is booked by Augustus Pitou for a thirty-six weeks' run in New York, beginning August 29.

*

Labouchere's *Truth* has discovered a new method at work in London which promises to undermine the constitution of the theater. It is a great snap for the dead-head and quite a scheme generally. A rich man writes a play, and he is naturally anxious for his own sake and the credit of his family that the mighty work should be produced, and in the best possible fashion. So this is how he sets about it. He hires one of the most fashionable theaters. He engages a company of the best actors and actresses in London, whose weekly salary he supplements with a handsome douceur. He bids the ladies go to the most expensive dressmakers in order that they may array themselves in gorgeous apparel. The florists shops of the West End are ransacked for the most beautiful and costly posies. The new play is advertised, and then invitations are sent out to the most attractive dead-heads, who, nowadays, never dream of running up bills for theater tickets at Bond street or city libraries, for the very good reason that paying for the play has quite gone out of fashion. After luncheon you can see Charles Wyndham, Winifred Emery, Olga Nethersole, Mary Moore, Rose Leclercq, and what may fairly be called the pick of the Criterion, Garrick, and St. James's baskets for nothing; and in the evening what more natural than that the theater is left to its own devices, whilst the pleasure seeker repairs to the Horticultural Show at West Brompton, dines at the delightful Welcome Club, and sits out among the flowers afterwards listening to an excellent band! On the rare occasion of a hot summer and with the counter attractions of the opera, open-air gardens, Richmond and Greenwich dinners and garden parties, it is always a difficult matter for the theater manager to struggle along, but the new plan of allowing your expensive company to appear before a non-paying audience in the morning and thoroughly to exhaust their energies before the usual hour for the play, is the readiest method of killing the goose with the golden eggs that I have ever heard. But so long as the manager himself does not object to it, certainly no other human being will.

Another Vocation.

THE girl, thrown upon her own resources and able to do nothing in particular, may often turn her inferior talents to good account. Her capacity for detail will serve her in place of the broader and more comprehensive masculine mind.

Why should she not take up a particular branch of the real estate business? She need not undertake to buy and sell property, but can rent houses and otherwise act as agent for property owners. But she must put a feminine individuality into her work in order to make it successful. Even her domestic virtues can here be exercised to advantage. Dr. Eggleston, in The Faith Doctor, makes his hero obtain his high position in commercial life chiefly through a talent that he possesses for finding out people's social standing, their connection and general influence. Surely if anyone has a talent for discovering these minor affairs, woman has. Let her then become thoroughly acquainted with the town in which she is to do business. Perhaps it would be well for her to compile her knowledge of the place in book or pamphlet form. She must be able to give the most minute information to persons intending to become residents. First she must know the value of every piece of property and the rent of all houses, whether vacant or occupied. In connection with this should be given gas and water rates and rate of taxation, as well as details about fire risks. In the description of the residence streets the distance from the different churches and schools should be stated, also whether or not there are shops or factories on these streets. The markets and average prices of provisions would be a subject of inquiry from outsiders. To give a satisfactory answer a very good way would be to take about five or six days in the year and give the exact state of the market on these days. These must not all be the best market days if housewives are to rely upon the statements given.

Information about the churches and schools would be very important. All necessary facts about the public schools and kindergartens could be obtained in classified form from the city or county inspector. In Ontario, full information about the art schools, collegiate institutes, public libraries, and mechanics' institutes is given in the report of the minister of education. Where there are several churches of one denomination the particular tendency of each should be given.

Then stores, factories and railways should in turn be described. If work of this kind be well done property owners and business men might be willing to pay for it. At any rate, it would advertise the town and indirectly benefit the real estate agent. People would be more willing to entrust the management of their property to one who had shown herself capable and energetic. Of course a large and progressive town must be chosen in which to locate such a business.

Newcastle, Ont. JANET STONE JACKSON.

'Varsity Chat.

ON Friday of last week the commencement exercises were conducted in the Horticultural Pavilion and the proceedings were all of a most enthusiastic character. Hon. Edward Blake, M.A., LL.D., Q.C., Chancellor, presided and delivered an important address on the general policy of the university.

*

Mr. John McGowan, B.A., for some time our fellow in mathematics, took a post graduate course at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and has been appointed instructor in mathematics at Princeton. He was the gold medallist of his class in pure mathematics. It is satisfactory to know his abilities are being properly recognized, for he has more than ordinary capacity for mathematics.

*

University scholarships were won during the past year as follows: Governor-General's Medal in General Proficiency, second year arts, J. H. Brown. First year in law and second year in arts, Blake Scholarships, 1, J. H. Brown; 2, S. J. McLean, S. B. Woods. Second year in law and third in arts, Blake Scholarships, 1, E. B. Horne; 2, J. D. Phillips. First year arts, Moss Classical Scholarship, L. Brown, Miss J. A. Street, W. F. S. Tamblyn. Second year arts, Mack matics, The William Mulock Scholarship, Miss L. D. Cummings. Third year arts, Physics, 1, G. H. Ling; 2, J. B. Reynolds. Chemistry and Mineralogy, The Daniel Wilson Scholarship, F. B. Allen. Natural Sciences, The Daniel Wilson Scholarship, S. Silcox. The Ramsay Scholarship in Political Economy, 1890, C. A. Stuart, J. H. Rodd. The 1851 Scholarship, F. J. Smale. The George Brown Memorial Scholarship in Medical Science, of the value of $300, tenable for one year, for the scholarship Messrs. J. H. Middlebro, H. A. Bruce, G. Gould and C. C. Richardson are eligible in the order named.

*

The class of '92 had a banquet on Thursday night of last week, about forty being present, and an enjoyable evening was spent. Representatives of other years were present as follows: Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, B. A., '89; Mr. W. Brydone, B. A., '90; Mr. H. C. Pope, B. A., '91; and Mr. R. S. Strath, '93. The officers for the past year were: President, Mr. J. C. McLennan; 1st vice-president, Miss Rogers; 2nd vice president, Mr. W. Clutton; secretary, Mr. G. E. McCraney; treasurer, Mr. Jared Vining; musical director, Mr. H. I. Wales; athletic board, Messrs. B. W. Merrill, Ralph Hooper and D. C. McColl; orator, Mr. J. A. Cooper; historians, Miss C. Ross and Mr. L. J. McDonnell; poet, Mr. O. P. Edgar; prophet, Mr. E. B. Merrill; Wit, Mr. F. C. Brown; critic, Mr. F. E. Perrin. The newly elected officers are: President, Mr. J. H. Tennant; vice-presidents, Miss Annie and Mr. Carstairs; secretary-treasurer, Mr. D. Thomson; historians, Miss J. Climie and Mr. J. U. Graham; orator, Mr. A. L. Lafferty; poet, Miss L. S. Green; diner-out, Mr. R. H. Knox.

*

The total number of students in attendance at the 'Varsity in arts, including law, matriculated, non-matriculated, and occasional, for the past few years were as follows: 1877-78, 381; '88-89, 447; '89-90, 504; '90-91, 571; '91-92, 679; of which the number of women students is given as follows: 25, 38, 59, 76, and 130, respectively. The medical students were: For '89 90, 258; '90-91, 263; '91-92, 283; thus giving a total number in attendance during the past three years in arts, law and medicine of 762, 834, 962. The degrees conferred, excluding degrees *honoris causa*, have been 178, 200, 228, the increased numbers this year being almost wholly due to the new degree in pharmacy.

*

Mr. John H. Rodd, B.A., LL.B., one of the two who received first class in the final law examination, is a graduate in arts of the class of '89. During his arts days he took honors in modern languages throughout, and in the second year he also obtained honors in mental philosophy and logic. When he obtained his degree he entered law, studying at Windsor. He pursued the course at Osgoode Hall as well as that at the University. He was practically graduating twice in arts in order to be allowed to write for his LL.B., but he is remembered that those who take political science for their B.A. get their LL.B. on one examination. He had to take the political science course disguised under the name of first, second and third year law, and managed to become a scholarship man against strong competition. A few weeks ago he obtained a silver medal in law at Osgoode Hall for the excellent standing he obtained on the final examination there. The class of '89 appears to have been made of excellent stuff.

*

At the meeting of the Alumni Association the other evening much silly talk was indulged in on newspapers by graduates of many years, standing. It was quite a treat, however, to listen to papers read by Mr. J. C. McLennan, B. A., '92, and Miss C. Ross, B. A., '92, on phases of undergraduate life. Miss Ross strongly advocated the establishment of a college residence for female undergraduates. Her reasons for such an institution were strong and well expressed. JUNIOR.

By One Arm.

"It is a matter of surprise to me," remarked a man who is a keen observer, recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm."

"But wherefore?" asked the person to whom he was speaking.

"Here is an illustration," continued the first speaker. "Do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street."

At the crossing the woman lifted the child by one arm; it dangled in the air and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk.

"Well, the arm held, didn't it?"

"But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now that is a sight you can witness every hour of the day, mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the young ones would like it if a being four times as large as themselves should suddenly swoop down and lift them by one arm. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Difference.

Mrs. X—You don't give me as handsome presents as you used to.

Mr. X—No; but I have to pay for those you give yourself.

A Reverie.

For Saturday Night.

Ah the rain! the tearful rain!
Trickling softly down the pane,
Sympathizing sure thou art
With the sadness of my heart.
'Tis this strange, seraphic sadness
(Sweeter far than mirthful gladness)
Tis this sadness of my heart
That hath caused thy tears to start.

As I watch the weeping rain
Shedding tears adown the pane,
Shedding tears like mortals shed
For some loved one that hath fled:
As I backwards trace the course
Of the raindrops to their source,
So in thought I trace the years
Through a mist of blinding tears.

Now it is a child of four
Seated by the cottage door
As the evening's fading light
Softly blends in darkening night;
By his side his mother sits
Smiling on him as she knits,
Nothing breaks the rapture still
Save a distant whip-poor-will.

"Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"
I hear his wild entreaty still,
And when his voice salutes my ears
There doth spring unbidden tears,
For I see with memory's eye
The child again, the evening sky,
The cottage door where first I heard
The strange complaining of that bird.

Rolling, rolling down the pane
Comes the still unceasing rain,
And like a rainbow fading fast
Melts my dream into the past.
Darkness rules the dreary day
Driving sunshine all away.
Ah! the past is far more pleasant
Than this cloudy, dismal present.

Softly, softly o'er the glass
Steal the memories of the past,
Beloved forms, for ever dear,
Doth my weary spirit cheer,
And their magic presence brings
Relief from life's unhappy stings,
Till forgetting mist and rain
In pleasant scenes I joy again.

JAMES FRANCIS DELANEY.

To My Prima Donna.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet maid! to thee my humble notes,
I raise in measure true;
Nay! do not be so coquetsy,
My heart is leaps you.

I here chest register a vow,
To scale the ladder, Sweet;
And in the pause 'twixt kisses, feel
Your heart like forte beat.

You are my key to happiness,
Your signature will do;
And the dischords of this brave life,
Be minimized pin (by you).

I quaver at your slightest frown,
My heart goes pit-a-pat;
And when your tones to me are sharp,
I really feel quite flat.

The natural music of your voice,
Is "Melody Divine,"
In fine, 'twill be my staff in fact,
Until the end of time.

If amoroso let's attempt,
The matrimonial sea;
Or else the C of harmony,
Wherever that may be.

That I'm solo should be no bar,
I've done my little best;
Do you and auntie give the sign,
And I will fix the rest.

Ottawa. HENRI B. SULLY.

Canada to England.

For Saturday Night.

Doubt not, thou mighty Mother Land,
Thy children's faith to thee!
Tho' 'twixt them and thine island strand
Sweeps the Atlantic sea;
Above its tempest-thundering voice,
They'd hear thy mighty call,
For in thy greatness they rejoice,
And proudly make their own free choice
With thee to stand or fall!

We who for o'er an hundred years
Have o'er been leal and free
Right in the face of that strong race
Which early broke from thee—
Should we not rush when mighty foes
Crowd thee on every side,
Nor fiercely in thy conflict close
Till either thy song of victory rose
Or with thy sons then died?

JAS. A. TUCKER.

The Hidden Singer.

For Saturday Night.

You hear it in the balmy days of June time,
In the woodland's airy symphonies of green,
In the hot and glistening stillness of the noon time
Comes the magic song from out a leafy screen.

'Tis sweetest, saddest yet most joyful singing;
A prisoned thing that loves its prison cell,
Its story to the bright hushed stream seems flinging;
A madrigal, a love song and a knell!

To find the hidden voice I've often striven
In the cool and darkling pines with depths unstirred,
In the beech boughs when there shines a gold God-given,
But never have I found the prisoned bird.

To-day I heard that music and did wonder
If it was real, heard of other men;
How's it be, the rolling summer thunder,
The streamlet's song had not such meaning then.

Of Nature it had caught the very essence;
The idle, idle tears that have a part
In all the joy and beauty of her presence
Were in that hidden song of Nature's heart.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

A Temporary Blind.

For Saturday Night.

Your eyes have led me through a way
Of pain and tumult: Passion's play!
Your eyes have robbed mine of their right
Of lidded rest and calm at night,
And burned them like the sun by day.

You have but played at love, you say.
Were those hot kisses, then, but play?
Must I judge women through the light
Of such as you?

I fling your bonds aside to-day!
Lo! now my brain has cleared the way,
What tawdry virtues are in sight!
I needs must weep away to-night
In pity that I went astray
For such as you!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Between You and Me.

DID you ever study the faces of the girls who go to weddings while the ceremony is in progress? The other morning I went to a pretty wedding and happened to sit near a young and charming couple, one an affianced girl, and the other still "in maiden meditation, fancy free!" As the bridegroom appeared, a mischievous smile overspread the countenance of the latter *demoiselle*. I wondered why! Had he sighed in vain for her fair hand with all the ardor of six feet of manhood, and was she recalling some peculiarly impassioned or idiotic speech in connection therewith? Did she know of some earlier swain who had won, for the time being, the pristine affections of the coming bride in days gone by? Why did she let her lips twitch into those mirthful curves? Why did her eyes follow the form of the bridegroom in that meditative and attentive manner? His tie was immaculate, his high collar unmitigatedly white and stiff, his handsome mustache curled to perfection. But that girl who smiled (seeing what I could not see) suggested doubts and uneasy surmises, and when the minister paused after asking for any objections to the nuptials, I turned to look at the smiling girl. She was yawning, behind a tiny *swede* gloved hand, and looking out of the window!

*

The other girl watched only for the bride. When she sailed up the aisle the girl eyed her critically, noting the sag of her rich satin train and the size of her white shoe, and the arrangement of her wreath and veil. That girl knew that it was the least trifle awry, and that the sleeves of the bridal gown were tight to bursting just where the forearm swells, so that when the glove was put off for the magic golden circlet to be slipped on, a red and puffed finger would make the slipping a pushing and the knuckle bruised and rasped. A gentle shade of compassionate interest came over the watching maiden's face as the bride reached the chancel, and stood, a ghostly statue in shimmering white. When the time came for her to respond, the girl turned her head, the better to catch the gentle "I will," and the serious look grew on her face. I knew what she was thinking, looking a little forward to that stupendous moment when she too must say those little forceful words, and I watched her intently as the bridegroom repeated that extraordinary troth plighting which a certain tactless ecclesiastical truthful James has described as superstition, idolatry and falsehood. The ring, the man, and the bank account were duly devoted and the bride began her response. Then the face of the listening girl grew wonderfully set and solemn. "To love to cherish," repeated the bride, "and to obey," prompted the parson. Softly the bride assented and the listening girl's chin distinctly rose in a little impatient jerk. She felt the bit in her mouth, I declare! When it was over and the couple were firmly bound, the listening girl looked at the yawning girl in a sort of conscious and deprecating way, the yawning girl said patronisingly, "Very nice, my dear, is he not going to kiss her? Oh, what an awkward creature! Let's go home."

*

Heaven preserve me from the woman who tells me what other people say about me! In the first place, I very seldom believe her, especially if the something is mean, and I take comfort and delight in assuring myself that the woman who is unkind enough to tell people disagreeable things is mean enough to invent them, and I despise and pity and forgive her in turn, and feel quite pious and lovely over it, or I should if she ever gave me cause. To tell the truth women are generally very good to Lady Gay; they know she likes them and doesn't clash with them if she can by any means avoid it, but sometimes in the privacy of the boudoir they tell her their experience with other women and it is very sad and shocking. One day lately I listened to a musical little voice detailing the woes of its owner. One friend told her this, and another friend told her that, little pin pricks of gossip that rankled in a mind which should have been free from such annoyance. I wondered at those tattlers! Surely they know who is their prompter and what is his name. If they don't they haven't learned the second answer in the catechism. And to the little woman who made her plaint, I just longed to say something serious. I am fond of her.

"She'd a rose in her bonnet and oh! she was sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat."

And why need her head and heart be so empty that they echo the malicious or stupid sayings of those who whisper in her ears? She has lots of character, if she'd only assert herself. I think she is rather like I and my *alter ego* used to be last summer, when we heard a horse's hoof in the distance and got off our wheels and stood on the boulevards till he went by. It was our laughable timorousness and self-consciousness that made fools of us, and it is something of the same disastrous weakness which gives my lady's mischief-making friends a hold on her. A little independence, good nature and dignity would be a triple shield against the fiery darts of these wicked ones.

*

Alphonse Daudet, the well known French writer, is writing a novel on divorce. Divorce, like cauterizing, is sometimes a grim necessity, but it did me good to read the following sentiment from Daudet, who, whatever he practices, preaches beautifully: "In choosing a wife," says he, "a man must be able to say: 'When I am dying, these are the arms in which I shall pass away—these are the fingers which shall close my eyes.'" That is a sweet and solemn gracious thought, far above the average, and rings like a deep minor undertone of constancy and trust through the merry clamor of the happy wedding bells.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Oscar Wilde's successful play, Lady Windermere's Fan, is soon to be published in book form, with the portions restored that the author was obliged to cut out in order to bring the performance within a certain time.

Browning is said to have relished greatly the story of the experience in Boston of an English friend, who, while staying at one of the principal hotels in that city, was unable to sleep owing to mysterious, doleful noises that came from a room near by. Calling a boy, the Englishman asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "O sah! O sah!" was the lad's reply, "that is the Browning Club, just reading Browning, sah! That is all, sah!"

Barry Pain, whose second book, Stories and Interludes, is to be published by the Harpers, is a native of Cambridge, England, and is now twenty-eight years old. It was in his contributions to *Punch* last year, and in his first volume of sketches, published in August, 1891, in a Canadian Canoe, Nine Muses Minus One, etc., that the peculiar quality of his humor first attracted the attention of the public and gave rise to much discussion and difference of opinion among the critics.

Lieut. Julien Viaud, the new member of the French Academy, to which he was recently elected in the place of the late Octave Feuillet, is the descendant of an old Huguenot family. He was born in Rochefort in 1850, and entered the French navy when he was seventeen. His first service away from French ports was in the Decres, in which he made a cruise in the North Sea and to Iceland—a voyage that gave him the idea and much of the material for his first book, Pecheur d'Islande. Then he was transferred to the Vaudreuil and later to the Flore, which visited Tahiti, where he met the fair Rarahu and got his pen-name, Pierre Loti.

Of Mr. Quiller-Couch a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says: "Tall, pleasant-looking, quiet, and unassuming, he at first gives one the idea of being a country gentleman at his ease, more at home on the moor or the river than a dweller in cities and a wielder of the pen of so ready a writer as he has proved himself to be." He detests London, and always longs to be back in his native Cornwall. Most of his sketches are from life, and are founded on something he has seen in Cornwall. "I have studied these poor people well," he says. "Yes; I thoroughly agree with Hardy that this class of society is infinitely fresher, more human, and more romantic than the little peddling grocer."

Mrs. Ritchie contributes to *Macmillan's* most interesting reminiscences of her father and of the devotion of his valet, Jeames de la Pluche, to his master, Michael Angelo Titmarsh. "I remember on one occasion," she writes, "coming away from some lecture or entertainment. As we got out into the street it was raining. 'It has turned cold,' said my father, who was already beginning to be ill. At that moment a voice behind him said: 'Coat, sir! Brought it down;' and there was De la Pluche, who had brought his coat all the way from Kensington, helping him on with it. My father thanked him, and then mechanically felt in the pocket for a possible cigar-case. 'Cigar? Here,' says De la Pluche, popping one into my father's mouth, and producing a match ready lighted."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger (Julien Gordon) spends a large part of the year at her country place, Idlesse Farm, on Long Island. The farm consists of about seventy acres, the house standing on a bluff overlooking the Sound and the land being laid out mostly in lawns. The house is small, but is furnished with taste. Mrs. Cruger's father, Thomas Wentworth Storrow, lived in France nearly all of his life, and she was born in Paris. Her mother was a Miss Paris, a niece of Washington Irving. She passed her childhood in Paris, not learning to speak English until she was nine years old. Mrs. Cruger writes very rapidly. A Successful Man was written in two weeks and A Puritan Pagan in three, the author devoting night and day to her task and denying herself to every one.

Literature.

James Gibson Hume, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Ethics and the History of Philosophy in the University of Toronto, has had published through J. E. Bryant a strong little brochure on Political Economy and Ethics. He starts out with a comparison of the contentions of the Mercantilists and Physiocrats, those early protectionists and free traders, and by a course of carefully sustained reasoning decides that these and other theorists were all exponents of separate sections of truth—in sympathy with each other—and not contradictory as supposed. He holds that the old idea of an antagonism between the individual and the state has been partially, and must be wholly abandoned. It is the duty of student novelists, and to attach themselves to any old theory but to accept such measure of truth as each can offer.

Not on Calvary is another brochure of the week and it is one that will create discussion. It is published by the Dillinghams of New York and the author withholds his name. In handling his subject he is reverent, basing his claims upon a new interpretation of the Bible, more compatible as he thinks with reason than the old. He contends that the great work of redemption was not carried out on Calvary but in the life of the Messiah, and especially the temptation in the wilderness. Adam was tempted and fell; the Son, clothed in the frailties of the flesh met Satan in the world which might be called his own ground since he had fortified himself here by wicked sovereignty, and withstood and triumphed over temptation, winning for man a victory that atoned the former fall. The writer considers the Messiah as having voluntarily placed himself in Satan's power, and that the crucifixion instead of being the essential act, desired, inspired by God, which would exonerate Judas and the evil multitudes at the cross, was in reality the outcome of Satan's malignant malice at One who had triumphed over him and redeemed mankind. But the argument is too comprehensive to be set down here.

We have received an album of views inscribed Glimpses Along the Canadian Pacific Railway. It contains twelve excellent engravings of twelve romantic scenes in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific Coast—scenes which cannot be outrivaled in the world. The C. P. R. is enterprising in the way of making the country along its route known far and near, and it has also issued a guide to summer tourists which is more complete and satisfactory than anything of the sort sent out in previous years. This pamphlet is being eagerly thumbed by pleasure seekers all over Canada these hot days.

Bread and Butter.

EVER since the day that Eve successfully baked her first batch of bread, the world has been interested in the loaf as the foundation of everything eatable. Where is the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, this is my mother's home-made bread on which I've long and well been fed?

In knocking around some of the countries across the Atlantic one does eat more or less—the more or the less depending upon various conditions and environments. Sometimes there was a very little meat to a great deal of table cloth; anon there was a lamentable absence of both.

The ocean traveler, after seven or eight days of steamer fare, where everything tastes alike, gladly welcomes a meal on terra firma and the European plan, and this first feast is generally partaken of at Queenstown. I had just finished re-reading Charles O'Malley and of Blake's dinner where the young Irishman had set before him a "a surloin that seemed cut from the side of a rhinocerous, and a sauce boat that contained an oyster bed. There was, too, a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French dinner, doing mere outpost duty, flanked by a picket of ham and a detached squadron of chickens carefully ambushed in a forest of greens; potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance yard were posted at different quarters, while massive decanters of port and sherry stood proudly up like standard bearers amid the whole array." That, however, was not the bill of fare presented by the sleepy waiter at the Queen's Hotel of Queenstown. But never did cold roast beef, sliced from an enormous "round," hard encrusted bread and strong tea form a more appreciated combination than that served at 4 a.m. at the caravansary hard by the great stone quay. It had the magic effect of transforming a chilling, depressing, blue-nosing and cheek-paling gray painted world into a bright and cheerful one and where contentment reigned supreme—in at least three stomachs; where the rising of the sun and the flooding of harbor and squadron and distant prison island with its mist-dispelling rays formed a panorama even more impressive than Joe Murphy's Killarney lakes.

It is only a short run from the Cove of Cork to the Bristol Channel, if you take the crow's route, where I had a little experience with the humble shrimp at Weston-super-Mare. They were only a penny a pint, and the coarse big hand of the costermongress tossed a pile headlong and tail-long into a paper bag. Buying them was a comparatively easy matter, but how in the name of Epicurus were they to be eaten? An attempt was made under the direction of the gay and stout shrimp mercdamsing, but heads and tail were simultaneously grasped and the cholera morbus attitude of the little crustaceans rectified by arbitrarily straightening them out. An unscrewing process at both ends followed, resulting in removing the coat and trowsers, so to speak, then the vest was unbuttoned and the interior anatomy swallowed holus bolus—a choice morsel seasoned with Old Atlantic's best grade of salt. The exceeding smallness of the holus bolus, however, is very disappointing after the prolonged surgical operation required to reach it.

England is a land of good dinners if you confine yourself to the old reliable dishes. The wise tourist, following my illustrious example, will find this out, especially if he visits a few of the shrines of antiquity and mutton chops that exist in London. The Mitre Tavern, off Fleet street, Crosby Hall, beyond the Bank and Royal Exchange, and Ye White Hart Inne, on the Surrey side of the river, will each serve you a most appetizing chop and a bread and cheese dessert. I had considerable difficulty in finding the latter place, and it was only after a long roundabout walk that I read on the glass in a humble lantern:

YE WHITE HART INNE.

While a painted hand pointed the traveler to a narrow alley, paved unevenly with stones, where a small courtyard opened up, hemmed in by a group of old balconied houses, each gallery made picturesque by rows of garments of every hue. It was London's wash day, as it was the world's, to wit: Monday. One is apt to linger a while after the supper has been served in the room where the Jingle-Wardell connubial wedding feast was celebrated—on paper, instead of on plates, and I went so far as to change the place and seat where the immortal Sam had "his eleven pairs of boots to clean right off together with a shoe that b'longed to Number Six with the wooden leg," but the balconies failed to materialize any modern counterpart of the smart young chambermaid. But the arrival, however, of a couple of old-looking men filled in the necessary picture of Messrs. Pickwick and Perker, the pursuing and avenging partners. Then, too, one's appetite, as well as interest, is made the keener by knowing that this historic old hostelry is reputed to have been the very spot where Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels held high revels, varying their conviviality by beheading Haywardine of Saint Martyns. Jack's valiant army are showing signs of weakness and fear as they crowd the inn yard and the street beyond. "Will you needs be hanged with your pardons round your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates that you should leave me at the White Hart, in Southwark?" The ancient inn also has legends of Cromwell, of the witnesses who testified in Archbishop Laud's time and of having provided quarters and stabling to Old Noll's Ironsides. Historic indeed, whether based on fact or fiction, is the venerable pile in the dining-room of which I ate a chop of rarest tenderness and flavor.

A cycling tour through the south of England gave me an insight into the old-fashioned inns that still line the country highways, even though when there one is apt to follow the custom and abuse the "help," the house, the cuisine and the Boots. But on reflection would one deliberately have the old pass away? Have Boots leave the Mayflower, have the tapster, fat and full as a butcher, forever forsake the Hare and Rabbit? You might as well banish cabby to Africa, or break up the group of Hodge's that gather in the tap-room of an evening to discuss parish affairs. The landlady too—landlords are remarkably scarce—is an imposing institution, matronly and motherly, who makes out her bills in the terribly individualistic way of: "No. 9, 2 teas, 1 bed, 1 breakfast, candle and night porter, 3s 6d." And then would anyone unless possessing a heart of stone and eyes of dullness and brain of stupidity, forget the waitress? Rosy-cheeked always, bright-eyed too, dainty in figure and dress, quaintly demure in manner and as modest as demure, such an angel of mercy hovering over the tea-urn or the marmalade jar is a far better appetizer than Worcester sauce or even the tomato catsup that made a certain grandmother famous in three townships.

A French dinner possesses the faculty of making one rise hungrier than when he sat down, notwithstanding that fourteen courses have been solemnly disposed of. Shades of our old black cook! Think of the heathenish arrangement. Meat served without potatoes or other vegetables, bread *sans* butter, meat frilled, flowered, cut on the bias, trimmed at the corners with a dark maroon sauce. A French *chef* is a sort of meat milliner who, if he does not succeed in satisfying a fully developed North American appetite, certainly aims to make "both ends meat." I never sat down to the funereal meal at the St. Petersburg without sympathizing with the son of Erin who preferred "one end mate and the other potaties."

In striking contrast to this full dress food of Paris is the more democratic and less formal meal at one of Duval's *etablissements de Bouillon*, where the price of every dish is reckoned separately and where the customers are waited upon by soberly-attired elderly women who are not unlike Sisters of Charity in their garb. One of the odd rules made by the butcher founder of these restaurants was that no blue-bloused workman should be permitted to enter. The gray tones of our American trowsers carried us in therefore.

The Swiss serve a dainty little luncheon of goat's milk, pure (gelatine) honey and delicious bread, but so long as I was within the borders of that Republic I closely scrutinized every dish for a more or less truthful diligence driver had told us that the great snails we saw creeping by the thousands, especially after a shower, were gathered and served up as an epicurean dish, stewed in milk! The additional statement that the French Parisians were the chief buyers of this article of diet did not reassure me. In former years, before the railway had taken the place of the diligence across the Brunig Pass, the noon-day halt was made at a typical Swiss inn where the prevailing tone was white. White-faced girls, clad in white dresses with white fluffy sleeves and I suppose white hose, brought in the meal on white dishes and laid them on the white table cloth, and then folding their plump arms, gazed stolidly at the white walls.

The dizzy slowness of the Italian express trains enables them to stop at each station, where dark-eyed and dark-haired girls offer little decanters of native wine and little saucers of fruit to the thirsty and dusty traveler. At one stopping place, however, in Humbert's land an old man sold me a sandwich that was as dried up as his wrinkled face. This was one outrage too much and as I leaned from the compartment window and took an accurate aim at his retreating figure and fired it with all the power that a dastardly attempt at murder via indigestion engenders, I had the well wishes and sympathy of all my fellow passengers. I am sorry to say the sandwich man survived the blow. Old as he was, he happened to be too "survigrous," as Charles Egbert Craddock would say.

The national dishes and drinks of Italy and German-Switzerland form as marked a boundary line as the Alps. At the Italian end of the St. Gothard tunnel you have the native wine and biscuits; at the exit the big beer mugs and black sausages of the Teutonic race confront you.

As my first meal was on Irish soil, it so happened that my last was also. Before running down to Cork and Queenstown to catch the Aurania, a few hours was spent in a Trappist monastery on the rugged slopes of Mount Melleray, where the silent brothers in white treat the visitor with an unbounded hospitality that includes a great bowl of fresh milk and a great square of bread cut from the biggest loaf I ever saw emerge from an oven. There was a great gulf between the simple but wholesome fare of the vegetarian recluses and the elaborate *table d'hote* of the Cunarder, but the first was as good as the last, as Bread and Butter is as good as the firm of Pie and Pastry any day.

FRANK YEIGH.

A Panicky Atmosphere.

"The country, sir?" said a man on Manhattan avenue, "the country! What country are you talking about? This country? This country won't last six months longer."

"How do you know this country won't last six months?" inquired a bystander.

"How do I know it? It's in the air. The premonitory symptoms are all around thicker than picnic ants. Coming events cast their shadows before. Yes, sir, we are on the verge of a financial panic which will rattle us from center to circumference."

"Do you notice any peculiar signs of a panic?"

"Lots of 'em. Lots of 'em, sir. There is a financial stringency in the money market which, I dare say, might be appreciated by even you. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Not particularly."

"Not particularly; bah! Let me tell you, sir, I can bring this fact home to you forcibly—forcibly, sir, or else I'm a mistaken individual. I can prove it to you before the whole crowd."

"Well, shoot ahead, and prove it."

"Very well, sir. Didn't you loan me a dollar a couple of months ago?"

"Yes."

"Can you let me have another to-day?"

"I would——"

"That's it! That's it! You are going to refuse, and right here, before all these bystanders, you tacitly admit that a financial stringency prevents me paying you the one loan or even negotiating another. If the state of the financial atmosphere isn't panicky, I don't know what it is."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Outcome.

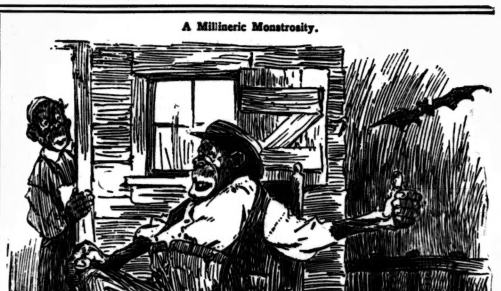
First Lawyer—That was a queer case of yours the other day.

Second Lawyer—Yes. My client wouldn't pay for a suit of clothes because they didn't fit, and the tailor sued him for the amount.

First Lawyer—How did it come out?

Second Lawyer—I got the suit.

A Millineric Monstrosity.



Mr. Presby—Pauleen!
Miss Presby—I's heah.
Mr. Presby—Dat new hat ob yourn wiv d' mockin'-bird's wings on ter it jes' blowed outen d windy.—*Judge.*

Mrs. Finnigan (shaking her fist)—'Tis all very well for you to talk, Mrs. Brady, knowing I'm just from confession, and in a state of grace, but just you wait till to-morrow, when praze heaven, I'll blacken the two eyes o' ye!—*Life.*

A BOWL OF CLOVER BLOOMS.

Written for Saturday Night's Fresh Air Fund By Sasha.

"I NEVER saw anything quite so quaint and lovely, exclaimed Mrs. Rossiter, as she and her two little girls, Ethel and May, seated themselves at the tea table, with Farmer Williams and his family.

"Why, them's some of Jim's weeds, sure as I live," said the old farmer, as he looked affectionately at a pale, thin, delicate looking boy of twelve years, who was seated next his mother.

"I thought they wuz too common, but Jim would hev me set 'em on the table," explained Mrs. Williams.

"I like tame flowers, but I love these wild ones I find in the fields and woods," said poor Jim stoutly, but with a very red face, as he looked at Mrs. Rossiter.

"They are beautiful, Jim, and I don't wonder you love them," replied Mrs. Rossiter, smiling, as she drew them from the center of the table a large brown bowl, filled with pink and white clover blooms, and buried her face in their fragrant depths. "But I really think you will have to let me have this, to take to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Gray, who is ill in the city. I am sure she would be wild with delight. They will make her think of her old home, for she lived in the country before she married."

"You can have 'em and welcome," said Jim shyly; "but I'll get you a lot of fresh ones to-morrow, and tie 'em up nice, so as they won't wilt."

"No, no," laughed Mrs. Rossiter, "you may get the fresh blossoms, but they must go in this bowl; they would not look so quaint if I put them in a vase. You must let me have the bowl, Jim."

"But it's mother's," said Jim, looking at Mrs. Williams.

"Wa'al, Jim, it's one of the kitchen crocks," said Mrs. Williams. "Mrs. Rossiter can hev it if she's a mind to. I've heaps more."

So Jim said he would have the clover ready early to-morrow, for Mrs. Rossiter; she could easily carry it, as the bowl was filled with wet sand, and the stems of the flowers arranged in it.

It was a lovely evening in June. Mrs. Rossiter—who was a widow and her two children had arrived that afternoon at the farm, about twenty miles from Toronto. They were to board at the Williams' for some weeks, and were delighted with the cosy old-fashioned farm-house and its kind inmates. There was only one unmarried daughter at home, and the farmer's only son, Jim, who had been an invalid nearly all his life. Poor Jim could not help on the farm, although he occasionally did odd jobbies to help mother in the house. But he spent most of his time with his books in the winter, and in roaming about the fields and woods in the lovely summer time. The old farmer was very fond of his only boy, and as Mrs. Williams sometimes said to the neighbors: "If Jim was a bad-dispositioned boy, father would have spoiled him long ago, but he is so quiet and gentle, more like a girl than a harum scarum boy."

Jim had had so few playmates that he was rather shy with Ethel and May, but they soon made friends with him, and before tea was over Jim had told them he knew all about the Fresh Air Fund; that father had given him fifty cents once to send to it, and how he had wished he could make some money of his very own to send. "But I can't do nothin', 'cause I get tired so soon," said poor Jim with a sigh, while his brown eyes clouded.

"Such glorious eyes," thought Mrs. Rossiter, from which seemed to shine the purity of his soul.

"Jim uster think he might sell some flowers, if he only knowed what to send 'em in the city, so as he could hev some money to give to the Fund," said Mrs. Williams, as they rose from the table.

"That is a good idea, Jim," said Mrs. Rossiter, "and if you like, I'll try and arrange for some one to take orders for you. Only you must see that they are filled, and the flowers shipped on time. And Ethel and May must help you gather them. Would you like that? I am sure you could make money."

Jim's eyes sparkled as he looked at his father without speaking.

"Wa'al, wa'al," said Farmer Williams, "who'd hev thought Jim could make any money out'er them weeds, and sick, he hasn't up in the woods and fence corners; like as not they——"

"Indeed," interrupted Mrs. Rossiter, "I'm sure he can, if you could only arrange to get them into town, Mr. Williams."

"Wa'al," said the farmer, "if you think so, an' Jim wants, I guess they cuse go along of the garden sass, every t'other day."

"That will do famously," exclaimed Mrs. Rossiter, "and we'll make a beginning now. Here Jim, I'll give you this thirty cents for the bowl of clover."

"But I gave you that," said Jim.

"Yes, dear, I know," replied Mrs. Rossiter, "but I want you to let me help the fund, too; so this is a start for us all."

The following day Mrs. Rossiter carried the bowl of fresh, clean blooms and a lovely root of fern, that Jim gathered that morning, to Mrs. Gray in Toronto. And when she returned that evening she reported that she had managed to arrange with Mr. Baker, corner of White and Green streets, to take Jim's flowers and sell them for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund, because Mr. Baker himself sometimes sent buns for the excursions. And more than all, when Mrs. Gray heard of Jim's sickness and the little children, she insisted on buying the bowl of clover from Mrs. Rossiter, and just than Mr. Gray came in and he bought the bowl of clover from Mrs. Gray. But Mr. Gray said it should not be sold again, it was so lovely it must stand in his wife's room. So Mrs. Rossiter had sixty cents for the fund to bring Jim, with an order from Mrs. Gray for half a dozen roots of ferns at ten cents apiece. Jim was delighted with a good beginning, and every day for the next few weeks Jim took Rover, and with the little girls gathered large baskets of lovely goldenrod and white and pink clover and the beautiful white, fea hery blossoms of the elderberry. And twice Jim received large orders for weddings. One for goldenrod for the bridesmaids to carry, and fifty roots of fern to decorate the house and church. So that by the middle of August Jim had made eleven dollars and fifteen cents. And a happier, prouder boy than Jim it would be hard to find, for was not this money his very own, the first he had ever earned!

But Jim had not yet sent the money to the Fund. Whilst he was so busy with his hands his brain had not been idle. He had other plans which he talked over with father and mother. So Mrs. Williams invited Rev. Mr. Goodman from the village to take tea, and give his advice about Jim's new project. Jim had coaxed mother to take one of the Fresh Air children for two weeks; and his married sister, who lived on the corner lot, promised to take another little one for a couple of weeks. Jim thought if Mr. Goodman approved of the plan that some of the neighbors would take children for a time.

"It is an excellent idea, Jim," exclaimed Mr. Goodman, "excellent." And after discussing the subject, Mr. Williams drove Mr. Goodman and Jim around to several farmers, where they unfolded the plan and talked it over. One farmer's wife would not hear of taking "one of them poor children, like as not they'd thieve," said she, even when Mr. Goodman said they could not carry anything off to the city without being seen.

Then Mrs. Flint was too busy to look after "extry children;" she had "enough of her own."

But old Miss Burden said she loved children and would take one at a time for two weeks each until October; "for the dear Lord's sake," she added.

Mrs. Brook, a widow with five children, whose eldest son tilled the farm, promised to take two that summer.

And by the time Farmer Williams drove Mr. Goodman home they had managed to secure for the children invitations from five places besides Jim's and his sister's. Although Jim thought they ought to have got more invitations, his father and Mr. Goodman said it was a fine beginning.

That night Mr. Goodman wrote to the committee of the Fund, explaining the new plan and sent the money Jim had earned to pay the railway fare.

He asked the committee to send a special messenger to Jim, because it was all his work. But the committee wrote a letter to Jim and told him he little knew what powerful help he had given to the Fund, and the poor little children who never saw the country. Jim was very proud of that letter, the first he ever received; and he whispered to mother that he hoped they would send him a little boy to play with.

On Monday the farmers and Mr. Goodman met at the station to receive the children sent to their care. And one of the consignees came from Toronto himself in charge of the little ones. Mr. Goodman brought him and introduced him to Jim, who was waiting with his father in a well-covered democrat, and he spoke such kind words that the tears sprang to Jim's big brown eyes.

Jim looked eagerly about for the little boy he hoped would come to them. But only seven little girls got off the train. Mr. Goodman came over to the old democrat, leading by the hand a wee mite of a creature about four years. Her little face was pale and pinched, and her large blue eyes heavy and dull looked up at Jim, until he felt—invalid though he was—that even he must be a great strong boy compared with this frail flower.

Clasped close to her breast with one hand she held a parcel done in a rather soiled newspaper, and tied with part of a well worn shoe string.

"Here, Jim, my boy, is a tiny jewel for your crown," said Mr. Goodman, as he lifted the little one into the democrat; "and be sure you take great care of her, for she is your guest for next two weeks, remember."

"Huh!" exclaimed Farmer Williams, "she looks mighty like the fresh air would blow clear through her. The hull lot of 'em looks that way," he muttered.

"But they won't look like that two weeks from now. Good-bye," called Mr. Goodman, as they drove away. And he went to look after the others.

As the old democrat rattled up to the kitchen door, every one came out to see Jim's jewel, as the old farmer began calling little Mary Brown.

LITTLE JIM WRITING HIS LETTER.

But the little girl was frightened at all the strange faces, and clung to Jim's hand.

"Bring her in the house, Jim, an' father you come right in, tea's waitin'," said Mrs. Williams.

Little Mary would not leave Jim; nor would she let them take her parcel, but kept it on her lap while at tea.

"Oh! what a lot to eat," said Mary, as her large eyes opened wider at sight of the well spread table. "I never see so much to eat alone, 'cept in the stores."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed good motherly Mrs. Williams. "She looks that peaked! But I guess we mustn't over-feed her like, or we'll hev her sick."

"Give her plenty of bread and milk," said Mrs. Rossiter wisely. And by the time little Mary finished the large bowlful of rich milk and sweet home-made bread Mrs. Williams gave her, she could only eat one little cookie, she was so stuffed to such plenty.

"Wa'al, Jim," said his father, "so you didn't git a boy to play with after all. But I take it you'd rather hev Jewel, eh?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "'cause I can take care of her." And the boy looked proudly at the little creature clinging to him.

"Come on, Jim; bring Jewel out to play," called Ethel, readily adopting the name Mr. Williams had given Mary.

"Leave your parcel here, Jewel," said Jim.

"No," said the child.

"Why yes, dear," interposed Mrs. Williams. "Like as not it's your clo's."

"No, I've got my clo's on."

"Why, it's wet on one side," exclaimed Mrs. Rossiter, as Mrs. Williams took the parcel and broke the string. Poor little Jewel burst into tears.

"It's my kitty; Tom drowned it in the barrel," she explained, as Jim's mother opened the paper, and a coal-black kitten was found inside. "I brought her out to bury her," sobbed the child.

"Never mind, Jewel," said Jim; "here, we'll take this kitty and bury her, and I'll give you mine. I've got three; you can take which one you like." And while the children went to the woodshed, where Jewel chose from the family of kittens a pretty gray one. Nor could she be persuaded to put it out of her arms that night, excepting while Mrs. Williams was giving her a bath in the big wash tub, before she went to bed. Little Jewel fell asleep hugging her new-found treasure. What glad, happy days followed for Jewel. Swinging in the big swing down in the orchard, lying under the apple trees, wandering with Jim over hills and fields, rolling over and over on the grass with Rover amid happy shouts of laughter; and in the dusk of the evening, chasing the fire flies through the long wet grass, then off to bed, with arms filled with flowers or kitty clasped close to her heart. Such beautiful clothes she had to take home, too, that Jim's mother and Mrs. Rossiter had made from some of their old ones. Little Jewel and Jim were indeed happy, for was not Jim to spend Christmas with the Rossiters?

In two weeks Mrs. Rossiter, Ethel and May returned to Toronto with Jewel and the other little girls.

"They don't look as though the fresh air would blow through them now, Mr. Williams," said Mr. Goodman laughingly, as they stood on the station platform with Jim to say good-bye.

"All swin' to Jim's weeds," said the old farmer, tenderly resting his hand on the boy's head.

"No, no," cried Mrs. Rossiter from the car window as the train began to move, "all owing to Jim's bowl of clover blooms!"

It Was a Blue Check.

McGinty—Is this a bank?
Clerk—Yes, sir.
McGinty—Will yes cash a check fer me now?
Clerk—What kind is it?
McGinty—Shure, it's a blue wan.

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all booksellers. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

There Was No Tragedy.

In his excitement his voice rose, and two men in the next room heard him say, with startling distinctness:

"You're a liar—understand? What you say is a foul deliberate lie, and I tell you so to your face."

The man in the room, with his chair against the door connecting the two rooms, got up and hastily moved away, and he and his companion waited silently for the climax.

"You're a dishonest scoundrel," went on the voice. "Your enmity is a greater honor than your friendship. Your association shows that."

"There'll be trouble there in a minute," said a listener.

"What's the trouble about?"

"Don't know," replied the other. "I didn't overhear the first of the conversation. But I'm glad to get away from that door—a bullet would come through it mighty easy."

"If a man said that to me, continued the voice, "I'd shoot him—understand? I'd kill him if I wasn't a skulking coward."

The two listeners held their breath until they heard the man in the next room continue in a lower tone:

"That's what I said to him and——"

"Ho!" said one of the listeners. "He's just telling what he said to some one else."

"What he says he said to some one else," corrected the other. "I know the class."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rooster—Oh you can laugh, but if you'll just train down to my size I'll break your darn neck for you.

Misses R. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery, an elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

The Rattlesnake's Revenge.

"Speakin' o' snakes," said the Texas frontiersman, "reminds me o' a little adventure me and a chum had with rattlesnakes that made me respect the rattlesnake ever since."

"What kind of an adventure did you have that makes you respect the rattlesnake?" asked a St. Louis man.

"Well, one evening just before dark, out among the Rio Grande canyons, there come the all fiercest rain you ever seed. Before we could get out the water had risen so the only way of escape was to cross a canyon about thirty feet wide and five hundred feet deep.

"When we got to this canyon we found about one million rattlesnakes there. They recognized us as their friend, it seemed, as I tried to keep my chum from shooting into a mound of 'em, for they crawled around me and loaded into my face as much as to say: 'You can help us over if you will.' I noticed that the snakes paid no attention to my chum, except a big rattler my chum wounded would look at him and then go around to his followers and seem to tell them something.

"Well, I tied a knot in the tail of a big rattler and then got another and looped his neck into this, and so on until I had a snake rope about sixty feet long. Then I coiled it in my hand as I would a lariat, and threwed it across, and the head snake tied himself to a tree, and the last one on my side did the same. I had my lot of snakes go over first, and then I went over on this snake-rope bridge. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled up and the others followed until all were across.

"My chum had done as I did, but he let the big wounded rattler have himself made the last snake and the himself around the tree, so when all his snakes were over and my chum was going over as I had done, that big wounded rattler seemed to grin—showed all his teeth—and let go. Of course the whole shebang went down with a 'swish,' and my chum was thrown off and smashed into jelly, and——, but the crowd had scattered and left the big Texan to himself.—*Texas Siftings.*

Evading a Creditor.

The celebrated French poet, Saint Foix, who, in spite of his large income, was always in debt, one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered, when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's largest creditors. No sooner did this man see Saint Foix than he angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene.

"Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?"

"Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect.

Saint Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement, and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face, and left the shop. He wore a beard to the end of his days.

Two Kinds of Reading.

Leo Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, who has ideas of his own as to the right of community in property, on offending members, saw the other day a policeman take an individual into custody. He at once walked up to the constable and said:

"Can you read?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Have you read the scriptures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you forget that they command us to love our neighbors as ourselves."

The minion of the law, quite taken aback, stared at the count, then, after a moment's reflection, made answer:

"And, pray can you read?"

"Yes."

"Have you read the police regulations?"

"No."

"Then read them."—*Novaje Vremja.*

Didn't Like It

Skidds—Why did you leave your new boarding house? Didn't Mrs. Small promise to treat you like one of the family?

Gasket—Yes. That's why I left.

A Suggestive Fact.

"We are frequently surprised," says Mrs. George Archibald, "to find that some one else stole our original thought long before it occurred to us."

Cause for Happiness.

"Trotter seems to be a very happy man. He never has any bills to pay."

"How's that?"

"No one will ever trust him."

The British Soldier.

It is curious that until Mr. Rudyard Kipling became his laureate Mr. Thomas Atkins had remained unsung. His deeds have suggested many a noble ballad, but the man himself has been the cause of inspiration to nobody. The fact is, his character, when not actually engaged in business, does not exactly lend itself to poetry. He has not the adaptability of Jack Tar, nor, perhaps, quite his good nature. Sailors never quarrel with anybody, even in their cups; they are "hail fellow well met" with everyone who is not a lawyer; they are always ready to drink and dance and sing. Tommy is always ready, also, for one of these things, but not always for the other two; and when intoxicated he is inclined to be "nasty." He is rather too quick to unbuckle his belt and paint the locality the same color as his uniform. That is the true secret of his inferior popularity.

In Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour o' his country!" when the guns begin to shoot.

is a hard saying, which, says Mr. Rudyard Kipling, his countrymen do not quite deserve. They would be as devoted to Tommy as they are to Jack, if he would let them be so, but he is not of so social a disposition. Nothing can be more fiery than the scorn of their advocate, who, indeed, seems to have revived "the lash" for the benefit of those who underrate his clients:

It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, how's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

If there was ever any general feeling of this kind, it is certainly passing away; there is a great sympathy with Tommy and his wrongs; and I do not think it was entirely the fault of the public that it has been so long delayed. Tommy has become more like a citizen, as his countrymen, or a large minority of them, have become more like soldiers. Barrack-Room Ballads are not the sort of poems to read aloud at an afternoon tea, but they are striking productions nevertheless, and describe a world hitherto unrealized by the Muse.

The Way it Goes.

"I love to be miserable," declared the optimist, "for I know that happiness is certain to follow."

"I hate to be happy," replied the pessimist, "for I know that pleasure is invariably succeeded by pain."

He Was Comprehensive.

Mrs. Snooper—Men make me tired.
Mrs. Swapback—What's the matter now?
Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."

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A New Cinderella.

"Isn't it lucky, Mrs. Caryl," I remark languidly, "that Anne belongs to the commonplace, laboring half of humanity? Really, I don't know what would become of us girls if Anne hadn't a taste for rough, coarse work and was a mere lily of the field as I am."

"Some people," says Mrs. Caryl grimly, "consider Anne not only more useful, but infinitely more ornamental than yourself."

I open my blue eyes widely.

"Mrs. Caryl! you're joking! Anne, so cold and grave, and with the air of Marie Antoinette going to the gallows! I assure you that style isn't at all admired just now. Girls must be bright and piquant above all things."

"I'n very kind of you to inform me what is correct," responded Mrs. Caryl, with a horrid sarcastic smile; she has seen Paris, New York, London, while I have never been out of this little Florida village which Mrs. Caryl and some scores of her kind have recently discovered to be a pleasant winter resort. "Has it never occurred to you, Miss Kitty," she continues severely, "that Anne has too much on her mind to be very light-hearted? If you would share her burdens and let her share your pleasures she might be gayer."

I shake my blonde head.

"I couldn't help Anne, Mrs. Caryl; she is just fitted for dusting, sewing, cooking. That sort of thing would kill me. About her sharing my pleasures—I don't think she would care to, she's so much older than I. Anne is quite old—nearly twenty-eight."

An increase of irritation is perceptible in Mrs. Caryl's face, and I reflect that a woman of fifty does not relish hearing that one of twenty-eight is old. But it is impossible to retract my hastily spoken words.

"There is one pleasure approaching, which I intend your sister to enjoy at all events," says Mrs. Caryl. "The guests at the hotel are arranging for a ball to be given in about two weeks—not an ordinary hop, but as near the real thing as can be managed in this out-of-the-way place. It is to be a costume ball, without any mask—"

"Anne, Anne!" I cry, as my sister comes up the wall, returning from morning marketing. "Only think! we are to be asked to a grand ball and we must go—oh, we must!"

Anne enters and salutes our caller with polite deference.

"I am very sorry," she says, "but really I am afraid we shall not be able to go."

"I hate pride, Anne, it's abominable," I say. "Why don't you speak out boldly and tell Mrs. Caryl we have nothing to wear?"

"Pride is not such a bad thing," observes Mrs. Caryl, who possesses a vast amount of that quality herself. "But is it indeed so, Miss Gresham? Have you not, like the girls in stories, trunks full of your grandmother's laces, lans, brocades, up in the garret?"

"Our little house does not even boast a garret," Anne says lightly. "And you know, Mrs. Caryl, the income from father's life insurance is only just sufficient to maintain us with the very strictest economy, so we have long ago been obliged to use up the ancestral fineries."

"I dare say you have displayed admirable ingenuity in the task," says Mrs. Caryl courteously. "Now, I want you to let me be a sort of fairy godmother to you."

I cannot for my life help giggling, for she weighs fully two hundred pounds.

"You are not much of a fairy, are you, Mrs. Caryl?" I say innocently.

"No, my dear," she answers sweetly, "but I should like to be a grandmother or stepmother or godmother to you for a few months. I was about to remark," she resumes, addressing Anne, "that I happen to have with me two dresses which I shall never wear again—one pale blue, the other a peachblossom pink—and you are more than welcome to them. With your hair *a la pompadour* and powdered, and the pink and blue satin combined in a pretty Watteau gown, you will make a charming marquise."

"Anne's hair is so dark it would require a great deal of powder," I say discouragingly.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Caryl, and I will thankfully accept the dresses, for Kitty," Anne says.

"I do not offer them to Kitty, I offer them to you," says Mrs. Caryl decidedly.

"The fairy godmother in the story showered her benefits upon the youngest sister," says Anne, smiling.

"Yes, but not merely because of her youth," retorts Mrs. Caryl, quickly. "I insist upon your using the dresses yourself. Kitty will do very well as Young America, with a simple white dress and tri-colored sash."

"Oh, I shall be all right—beauty unadorned is adorned the most," I say confidently. "You have not yet told us, Mrs. Caryl, if your nephew intends to stay for the ball."

"He expects to do so," she replies, "although he has already spent more time here than he can well spare from his business. I wonder whose fault it is!"

She looks at us girls and laughs, and as her eyes meet mine I feel that I am blushing very prettily. Then she departs, and in an hour or so sends the dresses over to the cottage. Pearl beads and creamy lace are not lacking, and Anne proceeds at once with quite a show of interest to design her costume.

For two weeks she spends every moment she can spare from the household duties upon her dress. But she doesn't seem to mind it. She keeps singing all day long, and her cheeks has a great deal more color than usual. Perhaps she is happy because she thinks that for once, for just one evening in her life, she is going to look pretty.

Every day she offers to dedist from her labor and help me with whatever I elect to wear. But I utterly refuse to do or even to plan anything, and Anne, unassisted, gets my white dress in order, and makes the sash and little tri-colored cap Mrs. Caryl suggested. I do not, however, mean to wear them. As if I were going to be seen on the last evening of Laurence Caryl's sojourn among us, dressed like a shabby schoolgirl! No, if Anne succeeds in making the marquise dress pretty I shall wear it—we are just of a size—and she can stay at home.

I announce this intention early in the eventful evening, and Anne turns around from the mirror with an angry flash in her eyes.

"Kitty, surely you won't be so selfish! You know I never can refuse you anything—surely you won't ask this!"

"I can stay at home," I say firmly; "but wear that old white rag I won't, while you look like a queen."

"O Kitty!" she says imploringly—she is always a poor weak thing with me, in spite of her grand airs—"don't be so cruel! I must go to night; I promised Laurence Caryl that I would."

"He will never miss you, my dear," I laugh, "for he made me promise the very same thing, with oh, such a look in his eyes, Anne! Won't you be rewarded for staying at home if I return his engaged wife—Mrs. Laurence Caryl that is to be!"

Anne just sinks down on a chair and does not speak for a full minute, during which I begin putting on her old kid slippers, which she has neatly covered with pink satin. At last she says faintly:

"Is that why he has been here so much—why Mrs. Caryl has been so kind?"

"What else did you think it could be?" I query gaily. "Did you think they were going to adopt me?"

"You may have the dress and welcome, Kitty," she says after another pause; and she helps me with my hair and flowers so deftly that I tell her she was born to be a lady's maid. Then the carriage Mrs. Caryl has sent arrives, and I step into it and drive off.

The ball room is a scene of enchantment, and I revel in the sense that I am one of the fairest things in it. I do not heed Mrs. Caryl's indignant glance at her quondam dresses, nor her frigid inquiry for my sister, to which I truthfully responded that at the last moment Anne changed her mind about coming, so we concluded I might as well wear her costume.

In books the hero always declares his passion in a crowded ball-room, as if he never hoped to meet his lady in a more eligible spot. Laurence Caryl does nothing of the sort. But he is most attentive, and when I am departing I declare there has not been one blemish upon a perfect evening. I pause an instant on the carriage step to fling back a laughing word, then as I spring in I notice that my slipper has dropped off my foot.

"Cinderella, Cinderella!" some one cries.

Laurence snatches it from under the wheel, averring that he will keep it for a souvenir. He looks very handsome as he stands in his black velvet suit in the moonlight.

Anne's door is locked when I reach home, and she is too sleepy or too sulky to speak to me. Late in the morning I rise, throw on a wrapper and am just attacking my tangled yellow curls, when a man's step crosses the veranda and enters the parlor, which my bedroom adjoins. Then I hear Laurence Caryl say brightly:

"Good morning, Miss Gresham! Do you know I was so annoyed at your not caring to come to the ball last night that I fully intended to take the earliest homeward train to-day! But this little article made me fancy you had a valid reason for your absence."

"A slipper!" says Anne, bewildered. "Mine—for here's my name inside! I suppose you think it's very silly, Mr. Caryl, to write one's name on gloves and slippers?"

"I understand it perfectly," he says coolly. "You would never be allowed to call anything your own were it not plainly marked. My aunt and I thought at first, last evening, that you had all along meant your sister to wear the dress; but we finally agreed you had been cheated out of it when we saw your name in the slipper she dropped."

"Kitty is a veritable Cinderella," says Anne.

"When Cinderella's finery fell off and left only her wretched rags she couldn't have looked more hideous than Kitty did last night to us, stripped of all her babyish ways and her beauty, with nothing present to our contemplation but her shallow, selfish little soul," observes Mr. Caryl. "There, don't be angry—I won't say another word. Come out with me for a drive."

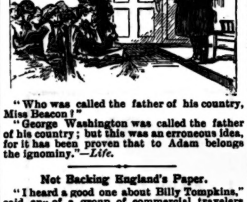
"I wish you'd take Kitty—she was out so late last night, it would do her good," says that ridiculous Anne.

"I tell you I won't have Kitty at any price," says Laurence, laughing.

So they go out together, and in a moment I rush to the parlor window and watch them drive off over the shining, snowy sand, in among the fragrant pines with their lace-like drapery of moss.

Our clock is not a giddy little French affair, but a sedate and decorous timepiece, which has never stooped to utter any slang expressions. Yet this morning I can swear that it solemnly ticks over and over again, "Did you ever get left?"

In Boston.



"Who was called the father of his country, Miss Beacon?

"George Washington was called the father of his country; but this was an erroneous idea, for it has been proven that to Adam belongs the ignominy."—*Life.*

Not Backing England's Paper.

"I heard a good one about Billy Tompkins," said one of a group of commercial travelers last night at the Continental hotel. "You know Billy travels for Fluellen & Co."

A murmur and a reminiscent assent was the response.

"Well, sir," continued the first speaker, "you know what a hustler he is. Did some slashing business last fall, and the firm gave him a check for a bonus and told him to go and take a trip to Europe. Well, sir, Billy set out to have a real good time, and he had it. While he was in London he took lunch one day at the famous tavern in the city call'ed the Ship and Turtle, where a sovereign just about sees you through your lunch, and he had imbibed a little too much 'turtle' punch.

"When he left there he was run out of small change, and he thought he would play big and go to the Bank of England and get a £20 note redeemed in gold. 'Thank you, sir,' says he to it, quoth he. So into the dingy old building he strode, and putting his £20 note down before the cashier's window, said: 'Give me gold for that, will you!'

"'Certainly, sir,' said the cashier, 'just put your name on the back of it, please.'

"'Take it, Billy, tipsy-like, save a chance for some fun, and replied:

"'My name on it? What for?'

"'Well, mere formality—note withdrawn, you know. Tell how it came back to bank. Customary thing.'

"'I'll be darned if I sign it,' says Billy. 'You don't catch me going around endorsing any corporation's paper in this reckless style.'

"'Why, my dear sir,' gasped the astounded cashier, 'this is a Bank of England note, good for its face value the world over.'

"'Don't care,' said Billy, with tipsy gravity. 'I am not familiar with the financial condition of the Bank of England, and hanged if I endorse his paper. I am an American.'

"'If you were a Fiji Islander,' almost shrieked the cashier, 'you ought to know the value of a Bank of England note.'

"'Well,' persisted Billy, 'what do you want me to endorse for? I endorse it, don't I, if I sign my name to the back?'

"'Great heavens!' ejaculated the cashier, goaded to a condition of frenzy by Billy's imperturbable manner. 'Where do such people as this come from? If it was the note of hand of a bankrupt cat's-meat man he couldn't be more suspicious. Here you, sir. Will you sign the note?'

"'No, sir. I made a vow that I would never put my name on any promises to pay.'

"'Send for the manager,' shouted the cashier, turning to a clerk. 'He will explain it to you,' added he, turning to Billy.

"The manager came, and all at once Billy's manner changed and in the most urbane manner possible he told him he did not understand at first the necessity for signing, and, putting his name on the note with a flourish, got gold coins for it and walked out, leaving the two officials looking after him with puzzled faces.

"Billy told them all at the Hotel Metropole over a glass of hot whiskey and water, and asked:

"'Did I get a rise out of the Bank of England, or did I not?'

The general opinion was that he did.—*Helena Independent.*

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Summer Sleeping Animals.

Everybody is aware that a large number of animals sleep in protected places during the cold season of the year and awake in the summer. A similar phenomenon is the summer sleep of different reptiles—principally serpents and crocodiles—which thus pass the time of greatest heat in tropical regions.

During July and August it will be observed by those who pay any attention to out-door animal life, that reptiles and amphibians are noticeably fewer in number than during the spring months; but if they begin to hunt under stones, in holes in the ground, on the edges of marshes or ponds, under brushwood and dead leaves, they will often find these animals in a condition similar to sleep.

The frogs sit huddled together and make no attempt to hop away, only burrowing down into the earth. Lizards and salamanders lie almost motionless, with their tails over their heads. Snakes are rolled up like spirals, with the head hidden. They are the most quickly aroused however.

The reason of this summer sleep is different, according as the animal lives on land or in the water. Those on land sleep during the greatest heat; those in the water only when their usual dwelling place is dried up, which generally, but not necessarily, occurs during high temperature. The water salamanders are always in a partial summer slumber; those which live in the water during the whole year do not sleep in summer, such as the water frog, which lives in ponds and marshes well supplied with water. It is generally supposed that our reptiles enjoy the heat of summer, so that, as that increases, they improve in health; but this is not always the case. Rather it has been found that many of our reptiles are killed by a prolonged exposure to the heat of the sun; and, if we observe lizards in the open air, we may be sure they do not stay out very long under the beams of the sun, but go back from time to time to their dwelling in some shady place.

A Prudent Man.

Cohen (to his hatter)—No; there was no protection in those skull caps. Let me haf von of dese English affairs—and mit extra large peaks, too!—*Judge.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SONATA—Four hours for piano practice ought to make you a good performer. You are hopeful, frank, careful, and possess much patience.

HENG.—You have more guarded speech than your friend Anxiety; are tenacious, impulsive, affectionate, generous, with a love of your own way, kind feeling and rather a clever head.

LALLY O'TOOLE.—Thanks for the alphabet. It is very pretty and shows your quick sympathy, intuitive perception and refined taste. You are also mirthful, curious, imaginative, fond of a joke, and would pleasantly excite, very persistent, quick in perception, slightly prejudicial in judgment. A nature needing wise, loving, and patient handling, to bring out the sterling good which is certainly in it.

BANKER.—Great ambition and desire to rise, good temper, remarkable memory, quick to see the weak points of life, sequence of ideas, love of beauty, sympathy and very abundant enterprise and a good sense of humor are shown. Your business ability is excellent and should be successful.

JUST TWENTY-ONE.—You are persevering, tenacious, constant and rather a lover of pleasure, decision and force of will are lacking somewhat; also the finer perception and sympathy that are a power in female character. Your writing is not striking, rather studied, and needs character and originality.

ANXIETY, Girlmaby.—You are somewhat careless, capricious, ambitious, quick-tempered, romantic, idealistic, generous and hopeful. You are too fond of telling all you know—keep a little tighter rein on the unruly member and you'll be happier. You have talent but not refinement, and though energetic are lacking both in tact and taste.

HUGH.—A generous nature and a very hopeful and bright mind, but rather too impulsive and too much of a mental caution is marked and though apparently easily good-natured, the writer can be firm on occasion. A good sense of duty, humor and right and sense wit, ambition and enterprise are shown. Large sympathy, love of the beautiful and good judgment are shown.

PEARL.—1. Intellectual girls should wear the hair in as girlish and simple a mode as possible. 2. Your writing shows cleverness and rather an original method. You are slightly impulsive, very decided and a little too fond of larks, great adaptability, some self-will, an undecided fancy and a rather easy nature are shown. You will do well to practice further self-control, patience and consideration, and you will be a most charming woman.

HALIFAX.—You are strong of mind and will, obstinate in opinion, determined in if at, careful in expression, honest and reliable. Vivacity, intelligence, affection and diplomacy are shown. You have original ideas and are slightly quick-tempered. I should also assume you of caprice, only that some lines which would indicate it are probably due to your being a foreigner and not quite at home in English writing. Are you a Norseman? I should much like to know.

SAN SHALL.—Your name is the only small thing about you in your own estimation. You are fond of talking and planning and considerably energetic and independent. The last thing that comes your way is usually the nicest. You're a born speculator, fond of cutting a dash and while you have undoubted talents and force of will, you are too fond of having them brought into notice. At the same time you are generous, sympathetic, warm-hearted and rather too fond of excess. You have a generous sense of beauty, desire for perfection and constancy in purpose.

CLEOPATRA.—1. Your letter is answered as nearly as its turn as a careful docketer can arrange some three hundred or more waiting mortals. Please don't howl, anyway. Make Rome howl, as your illustrious namesake frequently did; it will sound better. 2. You are impulsive and frank, slightly romantic, but rather too self absorbed to let this truth vanish. You like your own way, are somewhat confident in tact, but have rather a good and honest heart, prudence will keep you from making a false move, and the spur of another will sometimes help you on. You are clever in some points and rather original. 3 I think I enjoyed the Regular Student, but it is so long ago and I have seen so many wheres since then that I forget. The Harmony Club can always be sure of my presence at their opera and that speaks volumes for the merit thereof.

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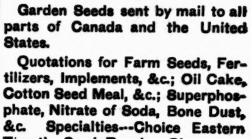

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IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

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He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Music.

LAST week I suggested that the concert of the Toronto Orchestral School raised speculation as to what it might lead to. When I wrote I had not heard of the very practical result which was contemplated a few days ago, but I rather felt that the opportunities opened out by so practical an institution organized on such a liberal basis as the Toronto Orchestra, were so numerous as to require quite my usual modicum of space in their description. In the first place, it must be remembered that all the orchestral instruments taken by themselves are, with the exception of violin, violoncello and flute, comparatively uninteresting as solo instruments, and that the full pleasure of being able to execute upon them can only come from participation in smaller or larger orchestral association. Many who take up the study of an instrument give it up after a year or two, not because they lack continuity or are fickle, but simply because they can find no means to interest them in their instrument or to take them out of their solitary practice. The school affords just such a variety and just such a stimulus to further and more progressive work as these people require.

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To be a good and efficient orchestral player means, as a rule, that the candidate shall have experience not only with his instrument alone, but also in the practical work of an orchestra. Now where can he get it in Canada? On the five or six occasions in each year that orchestras are engaged in Toronto, really qualified people are necessary, experiments being out of place. The other opportunities offered for practical orchestral work are the ball and theater bands, so that of the larger and more serious work the student can—if I may be paradoxical—learn nothing until he knows it all. The School, on the other hand, offers just these desired opportunities to the beginner, and affords him an opening to foster his ambition, improve his knowledge and give himself one of the greatest joys a young musician, not hardened by the race after the almighty dollar, can feel, the joy of participation in a "Consort of Broken Musick," as the lively Pepys has it. As I understand, all who can play are eligible for participation in the work of the School, without payment of any fee whatever, in fact the whole business of study, rehearsal and performance is carried on without any charge to the student. My wonder on June 7, after I had thought for a while, was not that so many performers of tender years were on the platform, but rather that so few were there. One would think that every young aspiring musician with the necessary qualifications would be glad to avail himself of the opportunities for improvement offered by the School. Yet there must have been many in Toronto who held aloof. Let us hope that next year they will all be in its fold, and that many others will look upon admission to the School as the first great step in their musical advancement.

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On the other hand, the bearing of the School on our musical effort and possibilities will be found to be largely in proportion to the amount of interest taken in it by its students. It should be the nursery from which our future local orchestra, should we ever have a permanent one, must largely be drawn. The work of the School, being essentially practical, must have an influence upon the student in the direction of a preparation for orchestral proficiency rather than, as is so often the case, in that of aimless and desultory solo work. The difficulties which have beset the life of orchestral effort in Toronto have always been caused by the lack of enthusiasm among the local instrumentalists, their desire to obtain large fees for their work and by their disinclination to attend the necessary rehearsals. A new generation of ardent young musicians will do much to adjust these evils and we may yet see a permanent orchestral organization here whose existence will be largely due to the efforts of the School. The public has a duty in this matter which should be performed in future seasons, all the more because those who assist will derive pleasure from their little investment. Such efforts need support and encouragement and the professional element necessary to make a public performance requires payment for its services. It is not fair that Mr. Torrington should do all this work for nothing, and unless public support is given the movement becomes an impossibility.

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One practical result of the late concert was the offer on the part of an enterprising firm to organize a series of promenade concerts in one of our large rinks, the orchestral school to form the backbone, as it were, of the programme. This laudable effort was frustrated by the objection on the part of some of the ladies to play at a promenade concert! Many people say that all musicians are cranks, and it is just such crass stupidity as this fact that gives ground for such a wholesale accusation. Musicians, instrumental ones at all events, are prone to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs as soon as they hear that an egg has been laid. Here is an opportunity offered to keep up and improve what has been one of the most successful and practical efforts for good ever instituted in Toronto, and to afford a means of earning a few extra dollars, and a squeamish chorus of objections destroys the whole scheme. Some people are so sensitive as to their public performances that they must have absolute quiet or they won't play! Well, some of them need absolute quiet in order to be heard. Yet if they are thinking as soloists, they should remember that if their work is good people will cease walking and talking and will listen to them. If they are thinking as orchestral members, they need not mind if the world does not stop scape to listen to them, for it could not sensibly be construed into a personal affront. But professional dignity must be maintained, and next year these same performers will rail at the public lack of interest in music, at low public taste, and what not else of the same sort, forgetting that all good must arise from personal sacrifices on the part of those who most desire, and who in the end will derive most benefit from it.

The two or three hot days that we recently enjoyed have begun to cause the teacher's thoughts to lightly turn to holidays, and inchoate plans are quickly crystallizing into definite decisions. A week ago I had the boon of a few days on our northern waters, and I may be allowed to say a good word for the Penetanguishene in the town of that name. A comfortable house, a good table and a beautiful situation among the isles of the Georgian Bay combine to make it a welcome resting place for the weary musician. The European exodus among our musical workers does not seem to loom up as largely as in former years. So far, I have heard of only Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Fisher, Miss Hillary and Miss McCarrol as being about to cross the Atlantic this season. Others contemplate holidays in the rocky north of greater or less duration, and some will spend the summer in Toronto with occasional chases after the nimble sixpence.

METRONOME.

A Rattlesnake Yarn.

(From an old manuscript.)

DURING my sojourn among the Indians I had occasion to embark in a canoe with several of my red-skinned brethren for the purpose of visiting a neighboring village. We started upon our journey about seven in the morning and were favored during the first half of the voyage with the fair breeze and sunny delights of an Indian summer's day. Towards noon, however, the wind freshened considerably, so much so in fact, that we decided to put ashore. We landed on a well wooded beach, and while the Indians erected a hut I busied myself in making a fire.

As I was gathering wood for this purpose an unusual sound among the low bushes attracted my attention for a moment; but as it ceased presently and I could discover nothing from which I might suppose it to proceed, I continued my employment till, advancing further, I was again stopped by a repetition of the sound. This time it seemed to come from above my head, but having looked for its cause in that direction with no result, I cast my eyes on the ground and there discovered a rattlesnake not more than two feet distant from my naked limbs. The reptile was coiled, but with its head raised considerably above its body. Had I advanced another step before my discovery, I must inevitably have trodden upon it. A hurried glance and away I was hastening to the canoe for my gun, when my fellow voyagers observing my hurried movements enquired their cause and upon being informed begged me to desist, at the same time accompanying me, pipe and tobacco pouch in hand, back to the spot where we found the rattler still coiled.

Then commenced a performance to which I was a perfect stranger. Filling up their pipes these children of the forest surrounded the snake at some little distance, addressing it by turns with the revered appellation of Grandfather. At each repetition of this name, each blew the smoke towards the snake who on his part seemed to receive it with genuine pleasure.

After remaining coiled and receiving incense, as it were, for the space of half an hour, it stretched itself along the ground in visible good humor. Having remained in that position for some little time, it moved slowly away, the Indians following it and still addressing it by the title of Grandfather, beseeching it to take care of their families during their absence and to be pleased to open the heart of their white brother that he might fill their canoe with rum. I might say here that part payment for their services was to be made in rum, for which drinkable they displayed an astonishing appreciation. One of the party next added a petition that his snakeship would take no notice of the insult offered him by the Englishman who would have put him to death but for the interference of his red children.

I then learned for the first time that among certain tribes of aborigines the rattlesnake is looked upon as a species of household god and as such treated with becoming veneration.

It would seem as if the moral of the Good Book in this matter which allegory of the Garden of Eden had suffered somewhat in its translation, or rather traditional carrying down by Sagamores of far-off ages to these swarthy infants, would it not? All our traditions, our beliefs, our whole nature in fact, lead us to regard with loathing, with abhorrence, the form embodied in the tempter of Eve. On the other hand, the savage with all his knowledge and observance of natural phenomena, with all his well proven appreciation of the poetry of nature, sees in that evil head and hideously painted skin but the covering of a well disposed and benignant spirit. Which is right?

HENRI B. SULLY.

Ottawa.

Cricket News.

EMPHATICALLY, the cricket event of the week was the achievement of the London Asylum Club in piling up 292 runs for four wickets on Tuesday against D Company, I. S. C. It is not only the largest score of the season but I have no recollection of a bigger score ever being made in Canada for a loss of only four wickets. Therefore a notch has been carved away up on the tree. Of course if I am wrong I shall be glad if anyone will send me particulars of a bigger performance. Dr. Beemer's 105 not out, is the largest piece of work this year; Goldingham's 101 not out, coming second; Lord Kilcourse's 95 third; and Rev. F. W. Terry's 92 fourth. It will be noticed that I refer to the London game as the biggest performance and to Dr. Beemer's score as the largest of the year. It is so worded purposely, for there is a suggestion that something was up when the only four Asylum men who went to bat came off so grandly in turn. The work of these four individuals would have shown to better advantage if seven other batsmen had succumbed to the bowling without doing much, but now the suspicion will linger that if eleven had batted the total would have been about 500. The best performance of the year was Terry's 92, for the fact that notwithstanding this score the total was only 114, is conclusive proof that the bowling and fielding of the enemy was unusually good. The London score bears on its face no such evidence. The others beside Dr. Beemer who contributed to the total were M. A. Walker 87; S. D. Smith (Sid) 31, and D. J. Bacon 45. The D Company eleven only put up 17 and 35 for seven wickets, of which Mr. Williams' 14 was the only feature.

An eleven selected from the Dominion Bank clerks defeated Norway on Saturday last by 40 to 28. Bethune and Brough distinguished themselves in bowling for the winners.

The game between the East Torontos and the Toronto Junction team on Saturday last was one of the closest of the year. The latter put up 53, although no batter reached double figures, which proves that everybody made a struggle and contributed something. Then East Toronto took the wickets and Penland made 12 and Sadler 12 not out, the others, except G. B. Smith, doing practically nothing, so that when the last wicket fell the score was 55, a victory by two runs. Just before the winning run was scored a ball wiggled off Sadler's bat to his leggings and against the wicket, but the ball refused to fall.

In the annual Port Hope School vs. Toronto game the latter won on the first innings. The School made 55 and 50, the chief contributions being Andrew's 15 and 20 and Senkler's 15 and 11. Toronto put up 61 and 27 for two wickets.

Rosedale defeated Riverdale by 57 to 33. Anderson scored 12 for the former and Harris 12 for the latter. It was a bowling contest.

The international cricket match will be played at Philadelphia on the dates suggested some time ago—September 16 and 17. Members of the Canadian Cricket Association will wear a distinctive badge, a maroon button with the year stamped on it.

Galt defeated Guelph on Monday by 10 wickets, scoring 71 and 8 for no wickets against 22 and 56 for Guelph. For the latter club George Saunders, who is home from Colorado on a visit, put up 30 in his old style.

Georgetown and Brampton are rivals and the former is happy at having defeated the latter the other day by 82 and 42 against 47 and 24 for three wickets. Those who did it were Brown 21 and 0, Laidlaw 12 and 4, Roe 8 and 12, Martin 16 and 3, Adams 0 and 15. For Brampton Thorburn made 13 and 9, and Graham 15.

Parkdale overcame Upper Canada by 101 to 86. For the winners Lyall made 25 and Scott 29, not out; for the losers Mockridge 37, N. Cosby 19 not out, and McMaster 11. Mr. Terry did not play.

Burlington administered a sore defeat to Paris, making 73 against 21 and 38. Godwin 27 and Cole 10, not out, were the leaders for Burlington, while Raynes with 16, not out, was the only one who came off on the losing side.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

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A young saleswoman in a dry goods store who had just sold a quantity of goods to a lady, asked:

"Will you have the goods sent or take them with you?"

"Do you expect that I am going to carry a bundle like that?" asked the shopper indignantly.

"Oh, no, madam," answered the saleswoman, mistress of herself. "I supposed your carriage was at the door, and that you might prefer to take your purchase with you."

And she scored one on the victorious side.

"Hello," said the blue-bottle fly to the early mosquito, "out for bite?"

"Betcher life," answered the 'skeeter. "I suppose you're only out for buzz."

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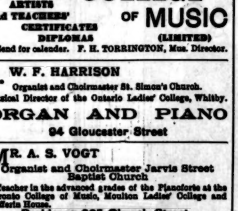

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

in Chicago. Those whose privilege it was to meet Miss MacGillivray while she was here sincerely hope that her absence from Toronto may only be temporary.

Mrs. Burton and Miss Gladys Burton of Hamilton were the guests of Mrs. Burton of Oak Lodge, Wellington street, last week.

Mr. J. C. Morgan of Barrie was in the city this week for a few days.

The members of St. Philip's Church spent a pleasant evening on Friday of last week. The schoolroom and basement were prettily festooned with flags, and palm trees and flowers were placed about the rooms. An excellent programme of music was rendered, after which Canon Sweeny introduced his assistant, Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, to those present. Addresses were given by the rector and Rev. Septimus Jones. Mr. McPherson presented to Dr. Millman, who has long been an active member of the church, a beautifully illuminated address. Mr. Hoyles, Q. C., on behalf of the Sunday School teachers, presented the Doctor with a handsome brass easel. The evening's proceedings were brought to a close by singing God Save the Queen.

Mrs. R. S. Farley of 578 Ontario street left this week for Seattle.

Sig. Baritta Mull will leave next September for Florence, Italy, where he has been engaged to sing with the Court Opera.

Mrs. Denny of Wellington square gave a charming luncheon last Wednesday. The table was decorated with marguerites and yellow tulips. Mrs. Denny was assisted in entertaining her guests by her daughters, Mrs. Fitten and Miss Denny. Those present were: Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Geo. S. Lindsey, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Michie, Miss and Miss Alex. Michie, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Riordan.

Miss Edith Pearson returned last week from New York, where she has been studying art.

Mrs. B. Kelly of Smith's Falls is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Kerr of Jarvis street.

The numerous friends of Miss Nellie Deacon, eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Deacon of Wellesley street, will assemble in St. Simon's church, Howard street, on Tuesday afternoon to witness her marriage with Mr. John J. Tonkin. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. T. C. Street Macklem. After an extended tour through the Western States the young couple will take up residence at 14 St. James avenue.

Mrs. W. M. Fisher and her three children have arrived from Winnipeg on a visit to her mother at 176 Dowling avenue, Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt leave for an extended trip on the Continent, sailing by White Star line steamer Majestic.

Among those at Mrs. Mead's are: Mr. John Ramsden of the Bank of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson.

Others at Center Island for the summer are: Mrs. Thompson of St. George street, Mr. John Abel, Mr. and Mrs. Dineen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett and family, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Smellie and family, Mrs. Francis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter and family are at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wade and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong and family are at the West End Island.

The Commencement Exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, are to be held the afternoon and evening of Monday, June 20.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunnlholme leaves this week to join her sister, Mrs. Shambrook, at their summer residence at Hamilton Beach.

Mr. S. E. Galbraith returned from his European jaunt on Friday, and will shortly leave on a fishing and exploring trip to Hudson Bay.

Miss Alice Woodward Turner, a charming lady who came to Toronto from Philadelphia with the best social introductions, will begin Delsartean classes at her home No. 2 Wilton crescent.

Miss and Miss Grace Drynan sail to-day from New York on the steamer Etruria for a six months' trip in England and the continent.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Miss Edith Maule to Mr. C. J. Holcroft at the Church of the Redeemer on Tuesday, June 21.

Never tell an editor how to run his paper. Let the poor devil find it out himself.

The new name for the man who throws a banana-peel on the sidewalk is a bananarchist.

"After Minneapolis, what?"—*New York World.* If the question is put in good faith, we will answer it by suggesting Dwight, Ill.—*Chicago News.*

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

If not in social events and the usual festivities which will undoubtedly come later, Niagara is at least gay in so far as sights and sounds can make it so. Until the 20th, when the volunteers will make their departure, leaving the town to its usual quiet again, there will scarcely be an hour from early *reveille* to "lights out," when the presence of the scarlet coats on the wide old commons can be forgotten. If not on parade, or during the hours of duty, bands and buglers are practicing in some shady nook or in the beautiful old grounds of Woodlawn or Rowanwood at the southern limit of the camp, filling the air sometimes with very sweet music, sometimes with the most torturing discords. Happily the latter is not often the case, and those living within half a mile or so of the camp enjoy immensely the practicing of the bands on their off-duty hours. Col. Otter and his staff arrived last Saturday morning, pitching their tents as usual in the grounds of the commandant's quarters, and by Monday morning the men of C School, acting under the colonel's orders, had all the tents pitched and everything in readiness for the arrival of the different regiments on Tuesday. So quietly, however, did they arrive that only those who had stationed themselves at points overlooking the common had the satisfaction of seeing them march into camp. About 5.30 every day the men are dismissed, and from that until last post sounds the streets are thronged with the gaily uniformed men of Canada's militia. Here and there among them on the streets, or making their way into camp with a friendly welcome, may be seen groups of blue-coated regulars from Fort Niagara, who arrived a short time ago with the 23rd Regiment from Nebraska. Major General Herbert and Capt. Streatfield reached here Thursday.

Noticeable among the stylish and Frenchy looking costumes which have been already seen here this season was one worn a few days ago by Miss E. Milloy. It was an exquisite shade of gray Russell cord, trimmed most tastefully with steel and finished around the collar with light gray feather trimming. Gray unfressed kid gloves, a very quiet but handsome parasol to match, and a most bewitching little bonnet of steel and silvery gray silk-lisseuse with a soft falling spray of lemon-colored blossoms at one side and a gray veil dotted with steel, completed a costume which was faultless.

Among a number of others the Chicora deposited on the wharf two very dainty figures on Monday evening. A closer inspection of the fair faces revealed the fact that in the wearers of the blue serge suits and pretty, *chic* little sailor hats Niagara again welcomed the Misses Edith and Alice Heward. They also are among those who have arrived for the summer.

The Queen's Royal Hotel opened for the season a few days ago.

A big strawberry and ice cream festival will be held in the park next Wednesday under the management of the Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's church. Those held the past two or three years have been most enjoyable and very successful from every point of view and, judging from a glance at the names of those already actively engaged in extensive preparations for the coming event, there is every reason to anticipate a most delightful evening. A few of those who will assist at the charming little booths are: Mrs. F. Morson, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Miss Paffard, Miss Geddes, Mrs. Garrett, Miss Geale, Mrs. Hunter and a number of others, all willing and active members of the guild.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Harvey of Chippawa spent a few hours in town last Monday.

Mr. T. and Miss Daisy Ince are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. George Warren.

Mr. Arthur Paffard and Mr. Ernest Ball were among those who spent last Sunday in town.

Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin of All Saint's, Toronto, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Morgan Baldwin, at Delatre Lodge. It was with generally expressed regret that Mr. Baldwin was discovered among the congregation of St. Mark's last Sunday, instead of occupying the pulpit. His many friends and enthusiastic admirers here have learned to look forward to at least one such treat during each summer, and their disappointment on this occasion was not by any means sparingly expressed. GALATEA.

A Family Affair.

Mr. Wickwire—What seemed to be the trouble next door last night?

Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, it was just a question as to who had the floor. He wanted to tell her of the fish he had caught, while she wanted to tell him of the smart things the baby had done while he was gone.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat. Sample sent free on application to

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Births

ROBARTS—June 2, Mrs. Fred W. Robarts—a son.
SPENCE—June 5, Mrs. R. F. Spence—a daughter.
JOHNSON—June 9, Mrs. (Dr.) A. J. Johnson—a son.
CROWTHER—June 5, Mrs. W. C. Crowther—a son.
GRAHAM—June 6, Mrs. A. Graham—a son.
GILLESPIE—June 8, Mrs. (Rev.) John Gillespie—a daughter.
LOOS—June 9, Mrs. Richard F. Loos—a daughter.
MAPLESDEN—June 9, Mrs. W. J. Maplesden—a son.
MAY—June 13, Mrs. E. Newton May—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—May 26, Mrs. G. E. Williams—twins.
HUNSLEY—June 12, Mrs. Arthur J. Hunsley—a daughter.
KIMBALL—June 11, Mrs. Frank T. Kimball—a daughter.
MACKENZIE—June 12, Mrs. (Dr.) A. F. Mackenzie—a son.
CORRELL—June 12, Mrs. S. K. Correll—a daughter.
ROGERS—June 14, Mrs. Frank J. Rogers—a daughter.
BROWN—June 12, Mrs. Arthur D. Brown—a daughter.
ELLIOTT—June 18, Mrs. (Rev.) J. J. Elliott—a son.

Marriages.

RICHARDSON—SPINK—On Thursday, June 16, 1892, at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, by Rev. E. E. Dewart, D.D., assisted by Rev. Thomas Manning, B.A., Wesley Richardson, L.D.S., D.D.S., of Vancouver, B.C., to Christina, eldest daughter of William Spink, Esq., of Toronto.
STRATH—HAINING—June 8, George Strath to Nellie Haining.
SMART—PAGE—June 8, George B. Smart to Annie Lindsay Page.
HOME—FEW—June 8, Thomas Home to Mabel Salome Estella Few.
BURTON—HIGGAR—June 9, George Francis Burton to Mary Emmelin Higgar.
PATTERSON—HUNTER—June 8, William H. Patterson to Mary A. Hunter.
DOW—EDGAR—June 5, Dr. W. G. Dow to Belle Edgar.
LYE—STROWGER—June 8, H. H. Lye to Emily Louise Strowger.
McRAE—PERHAM—June 1, John C. McRae to Julia Perham.
WATTS—LANE—June 6, William H. Watts to B Florence Lane.
MORPHY—MILLS—June 9, Herbert N. Morphy to Emily Coleman Mills.
TRESS—FURNIVAL—May 30, Frank Tress to Ada Louise Furnival.
GREAVES—ROSS—June 11, Herbert Greaves to Etta Alberta Ross.
HINDS—FALKINER—June 8, William George Hinds to Tempe Lytton Falkiner.
MYERS—BERKINSHAW—June 14, Emerson B. Myers to Katie M. Berkinshaw.
BALDWIN—RIDLEY—June 15, William W. Baldwin, M.D., to Catharine Alicia B. Ridley.
CUNNINGHAM—EGAN—June 8, Robert S. Cunningham to Mary Egan.
FREELAND—RICHARDSON—June 15, William Freeland to Sella Richardson.
HEWITT—ALLEN—June 15, John Hewitt to Jennie Allen.
MARTIN—EDE—June 7, Robert Martin to Lydia A. Ede.
TOWNLEY—MAXWELL—June 15, Wellington B. Towsley to Josephine Maxwell.
GOLDER—MUIR—June 15, Mason T. Golder to Ellen Maud Muir.

Deaths.

FEW—June 5, Mrs. E. A. C Few.
HOPPER—June 9, J. W. Hopper, aged 35.
GOULD—June 9, Mary Gould, aged 75.
STEWART—June 9, Mary Martha Stewart, aged 22.
TREMOR—June 9, Mrs. Mary Tremor.
BRISTOL—June 5, Rev. J. W. A. Bristol, aged 32.
AGNEW—June 9, William Agnew, aged 32.
TINDALL—June 5, Blanche Caroline Tindall, infant.
ELLERBY—June 11, Thomas Scales Ellerby, aged 85.
GREENE—June 11, Edith Susan Greene, aged 11.
LAING—June 11, Robert John Laing, infant.
WILLIAMS—June 12, Edward Williams, aged 45.
THOMSON—June 11, Mrs. R. Y. Thomson, aged 33.
JOHNSTON—June 11, Henry Johnston, aged 62.
NIXON—June 12, Mrs. Thomas Nixon, aged 38.
BERKINSHAW—June 11, Eva Maude Berkinshaw.
PRICE—June 13, Mrs. Charles W. Price, aged 32.
MAGUIRE—June 12, P. Maguire, aged 78.
CRUICKSHANK—June 13, Ray Cruikshank, aged 5.
CURZON—June 12, Arthur Malcolm Curzon, aged 4.
DAVIES—June 14, James Davies, aged 32.
EVANS—June 14, Rev. Ephriam Evans, D. D., aged 80.
WEAVER—June 14, Mrs. Wm. Weaver, aged 78.
STITT—June 14, John E. Stitt, aged 55.
COPLAND—June 14, James Copland, infant.
MCGARRY—June 15, Francis McGarry, aged 56.
BELL—June 15, Margaret Bell, aged 76.
PROCTOR—June 14 Ocila Gordon Proctor, aged 1.
McMAHON—June 15, Maura McMahon, infant.

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